The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1610 NOV. 29, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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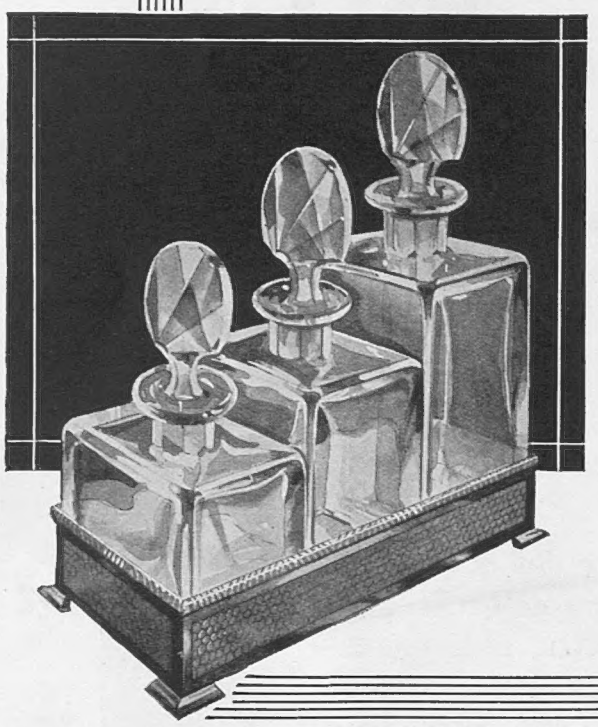

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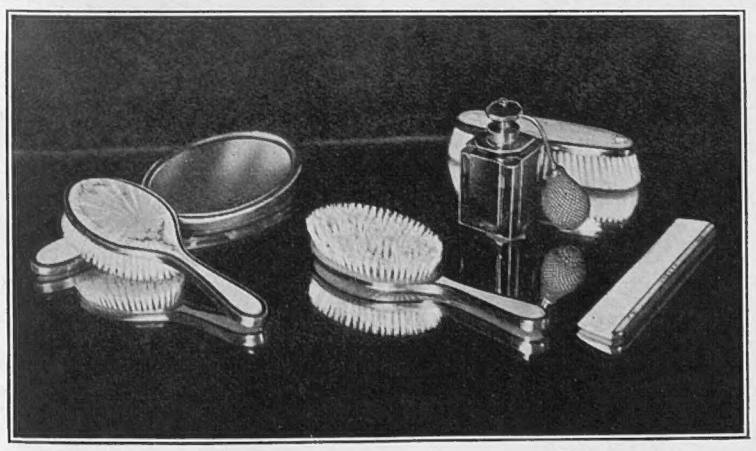

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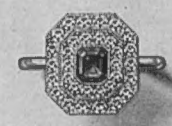
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The smooth velvet shaving of this razor is a revelation. The blades have long life—entailing a big reduction in your blade bill.

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIII. No. 1610 | Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 3d. } | London, November 29, 1930

A GIANT amid GIANTS

Smites the Stars.

The CHRYSLER BUILDING

in New York

In the city of skyscrapers the giant of yesterday is the pigmy of to-day. The dominant building of New York for the moment—the Woolworth is now dwarfed—is the Chrysler, seen above in the foreground. Located at 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue, this gigantic edifice rears seventy-seven storeys, 1,046 ft., into the air—counting from the street level to the tips of the finials. Save for the flag-pole atop the Eiffel Tower this building overtops it by 50 ft. The Chrysler contains 776,920 sq. ft. of rentable area and stands on an area of 37,804 sq. ft. The walls cannot carry the weight of the floors, and a special frame has therefore been introduced. The top eight-storeys portion of this huge *bloc* is executed in steel, which gives a silver appearance to it. The steel spire is 4 ft. sq. at the base and 3 in. sq. at the summit. It will, however, be surpassed by a building now under construction.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 26, 1930.

Round Table Oratory.—It was early days for applying the guillotine to the Round table debates, but it became necessary after the third day. And indeed, with a very few exceptions, the oratory of speakers was remarkable more for its quantity than its quality until the ten-minute rule was applied. There are ten thousand ways of saying the same thing. Maulana Muhammad Ali, who represents a section of Moslem opinion, broke the camel's back with the weight and spate of his verbosity and jocosity; so much so that other Muhammadans, who formerly accepted him as their spokesman, came to the conclusion that he was more concerned with Maulana Muhammad Ali than with Muhammadan aspirations. Thus in a vicious circle verbosity bred verbosity, and horrid doubts blew in that the self-government machine — whenever it arrives—might prove a slow mover. And indeed it is painful how one egotist can kill a stimulating general discussion and one club bore can poison a Pall Mall Club, and one weak or rambling speaker let down to bed rock the tone of a serious conference. It is the more painful because some of the Indian delegates have contributed to the debate such models of point and terseness and certitude. Such (under the guillotine rule) was the speech of Begum Shah Nawaz, who has but recently emerged from the chrysalis of purdah. An astounding proof of the rapidity of India's westernization. If this preliminary letting-off of steam has proved anything, it has proved the universal esteem in which Lord Irwin is held. And that is nothing new.

British Representatives in the Union.—The announcement of the creation of a new post—that of British Agent—in the Union of South Africa gave rise to considerable surprise because it was stated that Sir H. Stanley, who is to fill it, will also assume "the office of High Commissioner, now held by Lord Athlone." This statement—which is correct—led some people to suppose that Lord Athlone's successor, Lord Clarendon, had been shelved. It is not so, of course. Lord Clarendon will become Governor-General just the same. The merger implies that certain constitutional responsibilities which Lord Athlone bore in his dual capacity will not trouble his successor. The Union Government—since 1926—no longer need communicate with the Home Government through the Governor-General, but can do so direct. The Governor-General remains the King's personal representative, chosen by the Sovereign after consultation with the Dominion concerned. He *is* (and enjoys the rights of) the Sovereign in the Union; the more or less empty right of veto, and the power to dissolve Parliament remain his. The High Commissioner and British Agent in the Union will be exactly in the same position as Sir W. Clark in Canada. He is agent for the British *Government* and carries the constitutional responsibilities on his back. The Governor-General's are symbolic and social.

The Kaleidoscope of Politics.—With every recognized party in politics rent in twain, the prospects of something unexpected emerging from the melting-pot are distinctly bright. The party system has discovered that she is a back-number. Lack of convictions, of courage, of discipline, want of that over-riding claim, patriotism, have brought her at long last into public odium. And she is preparing to commit hara-kiri. You have the Conservatives split and dithering over the big issue of food taxes (as they may strike voters), the Liberals split over the indignity of giving more rope to the Government, and the Government split between those who want Socialism in their time and those who want to prolong for a time the life of the golden goose of State. At such a time as this, there must be many ardent, exuberant, and ambitious politicians who are seeking ways and means of turning the times to their own advantage. The leaders of the three parties are distinctly showing signs of wear, and there is a very general reaction against old gangs. Mr. MacDonald, for example, is obviously worn threadbare. Some of his recent contributions to debate and platform utterances prove to the hilt that he is in vital need of a rest. Mr. Baldwin is on trial for the last time, and the knowledge of it is cramping to his style which was never remarkable for fire; Mr. George in default of a thorough renovation, cannot much longer expect to remain in the shop-window to attract the custom of Liberal patrons. There must be pickings for younger men who know how to play their cards.

AN EX-SECRETARY FOR INDIA SPEAKS IN NO UNCERTAIN VOICE: Lord Peel who, at the Round Table Conference, made a dynamic speech in which he said, apropos of the Government of India, on the unitary point: "I have not much to say. I can hardly conceive myself that in a country so vast, so diversified, and so populous it is possible to set up or maintain what is called a unitary government. You would have, I am sure, the centre of government so far removed from living contact with the peoples of India that there could be very little sympathy—that sympathy which must be established between the ruler and the ruled. I therefore incline most strongly to that federal idea which builds up units, of great variety if need be, within the whole, and which contribute to the whole something of the richness and the variety which they themselves contain."

Three Young Men to Watch.—From all the younger men in Parliament to-day for whom a political future, not devoid of sensation, seems assured, I should first pick out Mr. Stanley, Mr Bob Boothby, and Sir Oswald Mosley. These three do not at the moment sail under a common flag. They were all reared as Conservatives, and they have all drunk deep of the cup of Socialism, have absorbed at any rate a number of the ideals of Socialism. Each possesses youth, fire, ready wits, health, energy, and ambition. It might surprise many people to know in what harmony these three discordant elements mingle; there is much significance in the fact that natures so different, political opinions so outwardly divergent, keep house together and join so amicably in grave discussion of the future of politics, the State, and the individual. A fourth party? Or is it a fourteenth? There is much to be said for a fourth party, a gesture of youth in revolt, provided there is a long spell of opposition before you. For a man of brains such youthful wild oats do less harm than good. Lord Balfour lost nothing by his association with a fourth party. But it is different when a Government is tottering to its fall and the immediate future is so obscure.

Gossip Rampant.—At such a time the trend of political rumour is worth noting. Never, certainly was political gossip so rampant as it is to-day since the great days of politics. Even the most solemn of dailies does not disdain to give a column or two to a serious examination of it. The possibility of a coalition is not rejected as absurd, a coalition from which Mr. Baldwin, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, and the old Conservative gang would be excluded; which would have Mr. Henderson as a respectable figure-head, Mr. George as the motive force, Mr. Graham as Chancellor, and Sir Oswald Mosley in the centre of the picture; and perhaps one or two bright young Conservatives of the type I have mentioned might find the hour opportune for putting country before party. I am not a lover of social gossip, but I place political gossip in a different category. It shows at any rate that schemes are afoot and proves that politicians are at last alive to the degradation of the party system, and it indicates a revival in political interest which is long overdue. In politics to-day nothing and no one will persuade me that it is not better to hold violent opinions and to express them strongly than to continue the polite or cynical indifference to all political events which has characterized the past decade. The public has yet no conception how near our industrial crisis looms.

Bobby Jones.—Bobby Jones is an amateur of whom America may well be proud. His decision to retire from competitive golf has come at the dizzy height of glory. This dizzy height of glory he attained while yet in the twenties. What prompted his retirement was a decision to profit financially by his genius for the game, which responsible journals have estimated at a cash value of half-a-million sterling. He realized that film-making on dazzling terms was not in accord with the spirit of amateur golf and he did not wait to be told so. Golf has long since become something more than a business man's recreation. International golf is not less a business than stockbroking, and I think Bobby Jones's decision to secure an independence from his talent is extremely sensible. I should do the same if I were in his place. I can see no difference nowadays between making a fortune from stockbroking or journalism or international golf, provided one acts with decency and honour and plays the game. The only money-making avenue which should be closed to an international athlete is sporting journalism in his own field of sport. While Bobby Jones played competitive golf he set an example in sportsmanship and style which all golfers might admire and imitate. Thanks to the camera he will continue for years, though in retirement, to set the standard of style. And I daresay we shall hear of him again as pre-eminent in another sphere.

The Fleet Street Zoo.—Lord Derby on his election as a life member of the Liverpool Press Club last week ventured on a comparison between the Press of this country and a zoo. With his fine tact and grand manner he got through the ordeal wonderfully well. There is, for instance (said he), the sort of journal which resembles the elephant, ponderous, deliberate, solemn. There is the tiger, swift, treacherous, deadly, and also the harmless, irritating mosquito. There is the camel, waiting always for the last straw to break his back, the camel with the hump. There is the soaring eagle and the mean little sparrow, and the robin with its flaring red cravat. Lord Derby in his childhood must have visited the rodent-house and the lizard-house. I put it down to his well-known tact that he drew no comparisons with the rat and the chameleon, though both these creatures have been observed in Fleet Street. As a journalist of a sort, I am naturally intrigued by this figure. The ideal to aim at (if you wish to avoid bitter letters from correspondents or charges of boredom) is a cross between a dove and a serpent—the wisdom of the latter and the harmlessness of the former. It is a high ideal. In moments of pessimism (such as last week's weather induced), I wonder if my lion's roar sounds more like an ass's bray, my tiger's spring is more nearly the buzz of a mosquito. But certainly the journalist and the ass have one noble virtue in common.

Man and his Universe.—I suppose that by now most of the serious reading public in England and America have read Mr. Langdon Davies's extraordinary book of this name. It first came to my hand the day after Mr. Shaw's speech of welcome to Einstein, and I found that speech an admirable introduction. I know now more than I did concerning the supermen of our world who have created universes, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, and Einstein, among whom Aristotle, Newton, and Einstein are to be distinguished for the stupendous effect of their discoveries upon the outlook of humanity. I have tried not entirely unsuccessfully to put myself in the shoes of *homo sapiens* alive in 1543, 1643, 1900, and 1930. I have been encouraged by Mr. Davies to acclaim the supreme advantage in being alive to-day. Einstein, I am assured, has killed fear, the last infirmity of man. And certain it is that fear, the superstitious fear of ignorance, enslaved man still despite every landmark of scientific discovery from Aristotle to Darwin inclusive. Mr. Davies asks me to abandon for ever and gladly with Einstein all hope of a more or less personal survival after death, and to gain a true immortality by living my life on earth richly and to the full. But alas! my roots are deep implanted in the universe created by Darwin, who exploded superstition but failed to explode fear. I was born just too early to benefit by Einstein. In my childhood mankind was not universally happy and unafraid as (apparently) now.

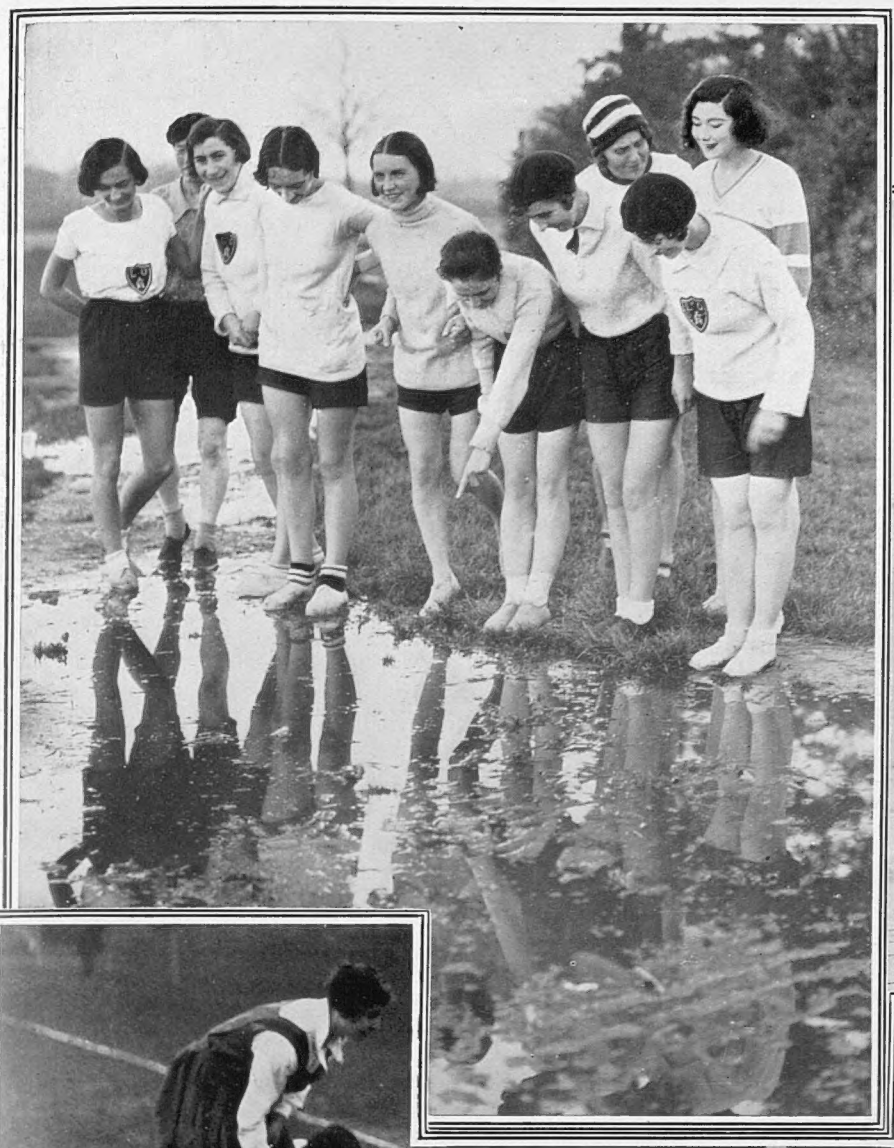
A Belated Funeral.—King Charles's head was the bee in Mr. Dick's bonnet. Now some romantics in real life are concerning themselves with his successor's. It is proposed to make a demonstration to secure "that tardy act of justice," a State funeral for Oliver Cromwell in the Abbey. Oliver Cromwell has already enjoyed one splendid public funeral, complete with palls, pomps, processions, and a wax effigy, long a peep show at Westminster Abbey. It was owing to an unfortunate political change that his tomb was desecrated and his dead body hung in chains at the Marble Arch. A private gentleman is prepared to yield up the head, complete with title deeds. But the bones will be harder to come by. For more than a century, whenever the Marble Arch end of Edgware Road has been picked up for relaying drains or other pipes, Cromwell's bones have been inexorably discovered, and there are likely to be rival claimants for every piece in the jig-saw puzzle to be reassembled as the Protector's authentic skeleton. I should be inclined to let his remains, authentic and unproved, alone. The nation has honoured and dishonoured them once, and we shall make no tardy retribution by using them as a newspaper stunt at this late hour.

Pass Books.—Every month most of us orderly folk have been wont from youth up to send in our pass books to our banks and to await the fearful joy of studying the pencilled figure which represents our credit balance. And now I understand the machine is once more triumphing over the human element and bank-books are to become a thing of the past. No longer will bank clerks be employed to make up pass-books with entries from the register. A machine will be employed to strike off flimsies which will be filed by clients on a special file supplied by the Banks. The old-fashioned private bank still survives despite amalgamations. The sympathetic personal relationship between banker and client remains for example at Coutts and Drummond's. There is something very cheering and friendly in the sight of a handwriting with which one has been long familiar even in circumstances unusually straitened. I shall miss my manuscript pass-book. There is something so bald and cold about an overdraft indicated in typescript. The human hand could throw in a hint of sympathy.

THE OLD STAGER.

The SOCIAL Whirl

Athletics ∴ Costume Balls ∴ Royalty



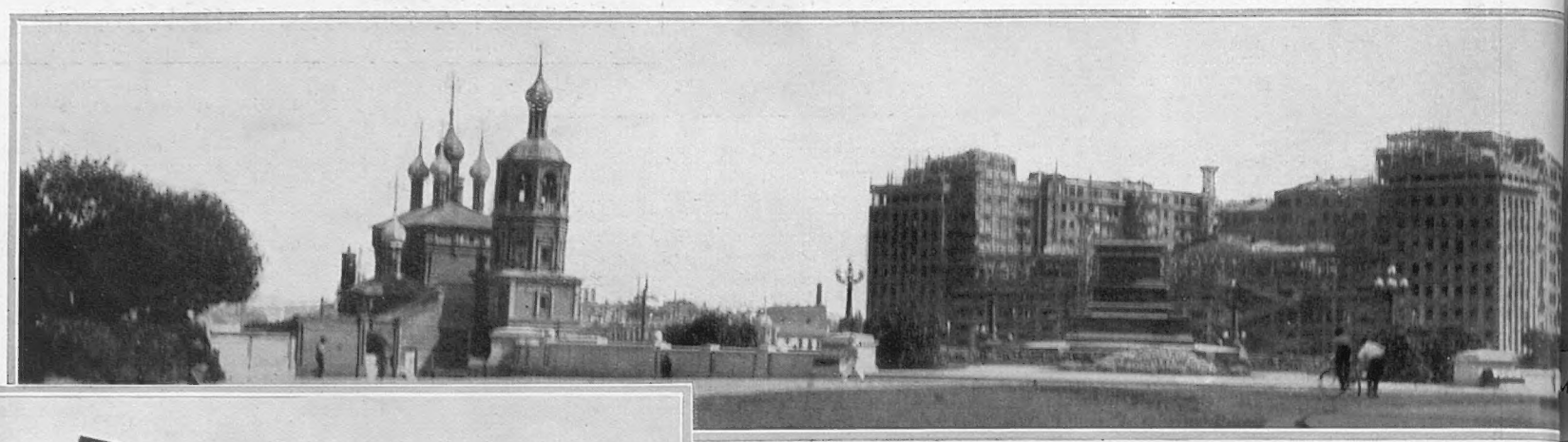
GETTING DOWN TO IT: A moment during the match between Surrey II and London University I. *Above* — REFLECTIONS: A scene during the inter-club run between Mitcham, Croydon, and London Olympiades

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF BELGIUM: The Duchess of Brabant (formerly Princess Astrid of Sweden) with her daughter, Princess Josephine Charlotte seated on the perambulator in which reposes the heir-presumptive to the Belgian throne, Prince Bandoin, now at the ripe age of a couple of months. The group is seen on the promenade of Ostend, the popular *plage*, which is to Belgium what Brighton is to England, which is a favourite resort of Royalty when it is not inundated with trippers from at home and tourists from abroad

"GEMS OF PUREST RAY SERENE": Four creations worn at the Jewels of Empire Ball held on November 26 at the Park Lane Hotel. Mrs. Claude Leigh as "Gold"; Miss Margaret Whigram as "Turquoise"; Mrs. Arthur McGrath (Rosita Forbes) as "Burma Ruby" — a costume embellished with £125,000 worth of jewels; and Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton as "The Chatterputty Maniol Ruby"

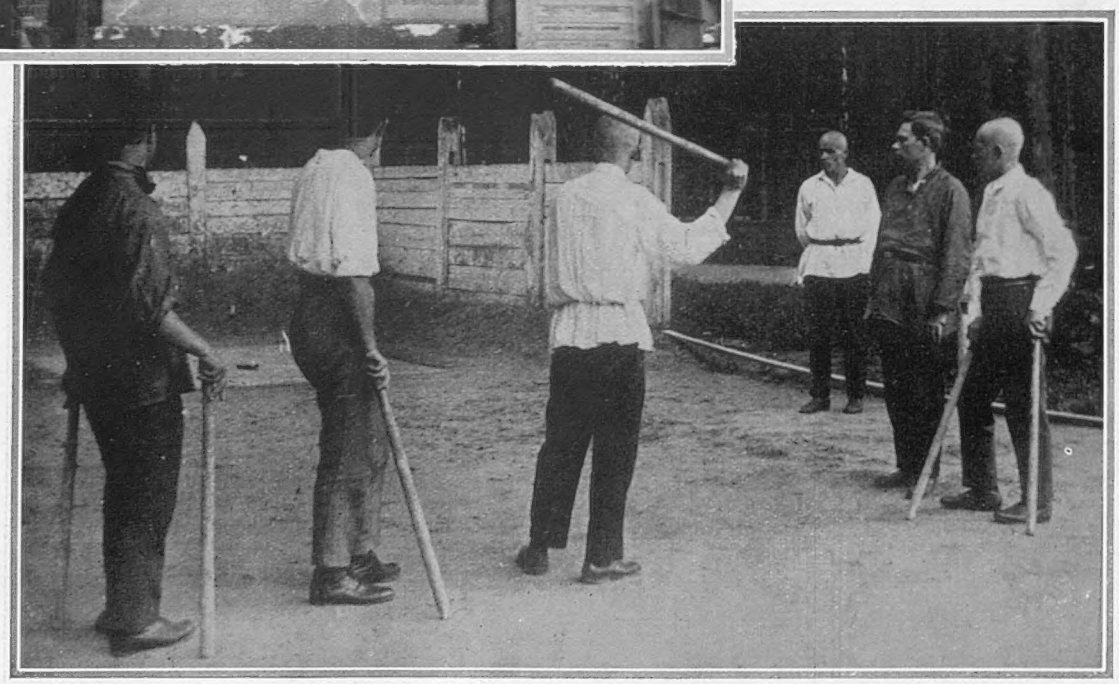
THE PAGEANT OF EUROPE: One of the tableaux at the Ice Carnival held at the Ice Club, Westminster, last Thursday, in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs. The tableaux, in which the Misses Alder, Elcock, Cecily Terry (The Queen of Serbia), Torrens, and Campbell are seen above, represents Serbia, that nation of fighters whose proud indomitable spirit was made by a masterpiece of Machiavellian psychology the "reason" for the European War

RUSSIA *still a* PUZZLE *to the* WORLD



THE CITY OF ANTI-CHRIST: A view of Moscow taken from the hill on which stands the C of the Redeemer. The building to the right is the new Soviet Whitehall, but to-day the Government departments are housed in the Kremlin—a superb piece of irony

OFF TO THE FIELDS: A group of agricultural labourers off to the Ukranian fields crowde one motor-lorry. *On left* is a glass-covered hoarding displaying an advertisement popul the Five-year Plan which, with but one year to run, seems doomed to failure, al within twelve months much water may flow under the bridge



THE WORKER'S DAY OF REST: Despite the fact that the Sabbath has been legally abolished, the human need for leisure is recognized in Russia. To cope with the needs of the proletariat, whose conditions of penury and privation cannot be believed, a park of "Culture and Rest" has been created in Moscow. Here every worker may spend his free day, and here for a minimum fee (which he can scarcely afford) he is given four meals and the opportunity for all kinds of "cultural recreations." A variety of skittles is seen above in action

RED AMAZONS: Women are being enro regiments of men and in purely feminine ba

Russian news is in the air—but it is news composed mainly of rumour. Stalin is deposed; Stalin is dead; Stalin has routed his foes—there is no authentic statement forthcoming on which reliance can be placed. Last Tuesday a report was published to the effect that Voroshilov had superseded Stalin, the Commissar for War and Commander-in-Chief of the Red Forces, having proclaimed himself Dictator. Coincidentally another rumour was published to the effect that Stalin had ordered 3,000 arrests, and Litvinoff, the Foreign Commissar, whose recent performance as an amateur Balieff at Geneva created so unfavourable an impression, had been recalled (via Milan) to Moscow. On Wednesday, the news appeared that emissaries of the Ogpu, the dreaded secret police, arrived here to take back to Russia M. Sokolnikoff, the Ambassador in London, but were kept as "guests" at the Embassy. Rykoff, the Premier, is involved, so it is stated, with M. Sokolnikoff in an anti-Stalin plot.

Also on Wednesday appeared a statement to the effect that the tempestuous meetings preceding the banishment of Trotsky were halcyon compared to the storm of Thursday of last week. Stalin and Voroshilov were the two antagonists, the latter of whom has behind him Rykoff and other leading dignitaries

FIVE CLAS UR

Labour for Hire
Forced Labour
Mobilized Labour
Labour in Places of Incarceration
Public Labour

OURNING THE ATHEIST PATRON SAINT OF RUSSIA: The Presidium at the morning session in the Grand Opera House on the occasion of the sixth anniversary of the death of Lenin. Great celebrations marked the occasion, for portraits of the bearded prophet of Marxism were affixed not only to every available site but even on every locomotive throughout *Un*-Holy Russia. Above are seen Uglanov, Orjonikidze, Uchanov, Kalinin, Stalin (of whose deposition rumours are persistent), Bauman, and Strievsky. It may be that in the time between the writing and the appearance of these lines definite news may be forthcoming concerning the Government of Russia, but the strictest censorship is being maintained

ULA[illegible] AMERICA: A scene in the vicinity of the Palace of In[illegible]y at Charcow where huge buildings are being erected on t[illegible]lan of a mixture of American and German architecture

MMUNISTIC MOLES: Despite the fact that miners are frequently forgiven by Socialists for striking, strikes among miners in the Ural Mountains are not encouraged, even in the Socialist paradise of Russia

THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REPUBLIC: Voroshilov, Gamarnik, and Kork, salute the parade of the Red battalions as they march past in Moscow on November 7, which is to Russia what July 4 is to the U.S.A., July 14 is to France, and, in a lesser degree, what November 5 is to ourselves

...OUR IN RUSSIA

Unpaid Labour is Prohibited—
From Lord Parmoor's speech in the House of Lords in which he made an impassioned plea for friendship (with regicides) and for industrial development (with a nation which repudiates its debts)

of the Soviet Government. It is, apparently, proposed to dismiss the "premier," and this, coupled with the growing discontent of the Red Army, has precipitated the crisis. Stalin, it is said, threatened the Commander-in-Chief with summary execution, whereat the latter lost his temper and then disclosed plans for a bombardment of the Kremlin and naval action against all ports supporting the present regime. The meeting closed with the War Minister and the Dictator coming to blows. A debate on Russian dumping enlivened the House of Lords last week, and Lord Parmoor rallied to the defence not only of the *laissez faire* policy of the Government, but supported the Russian system of labour which was stigmatized by the Opposition, headed by Lords Newton and Cushenden, and supported by Lords Phillimore, Monkswell, and Glasgow, as "slavery." Lord Parmoor proceeded to give the remarkable classification of Russian labour quoted here.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Who Died 400 Years Ago To-day

Four hundred years ago on November 29, 1530, Cardinal Wolsey, one of the greatest figures of the sixteenth century, died ruined and a prisoner on his way to trial at Leicester Abbey. From the cradle to the grave his was a figure of romance. Much that befell him and the strange story of his tomb is here told by the owner of Birt's Moreton Court, Worcestershire, where the great Cardinal was once chaplain and where his room is still shown

Henry VIII and Elizabeth are the great figures dominating the sixteenth century. Around them a brilliant group of courtiers fills the stage—statesmen, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, gallants unsurpassed in any age before or since. And among them all, pre-eminent in magnificence, state-craft and achievement stands the solitary figure of Thomas Wolsey, son of Robert Wolsey, and Joan his wife, simple citizens of Ipswich.

It was the time of the Great Renaissance of England. The fifteenth century, beginning with the brilliant victories of which Agincourt was chief, had seen the gradual eclipse of all its hopes. At home torn from end to end by the Wars of the Roses, its strong position abroad had been slowly wrested from it until it no longer counted for aught in the Councils of Europe. But with the end of the century the clouds had lightened. The strong man for whom the times had cried aloud since the death of Henry V had arisen. Henry VII may have been the cold calculating tyrant that popular historians have depicted him, but that he was also a great statesman who raised England from the evil fate on which she had fallen, and laid the sure foundations of her future greatness, every serious student of English history will allow. Empsom and Dudley, his extortioners are remembered, but his enforcement of law and order at home, his careful husbanding of his country's resources, and his triumphs of diplomacy abroad are forgotten. And not the least of his good deeds was the bequeathing to his young son on his accession a minister trained in his own school and able to continue his policy through another twenty critical years of English history

Henry VII was no easy master to serve. He had no use for inefficiency. Desiring to send someone on a special and secret mission abroad Wolsey was suggested and despatched. Meeting him by chance in the palace precincts three days later the King reproached him for delay in starting, only to learn that he had fulfilled his mission and returned. His itinerary reads with something of the breathless speed of modern travel. "He took his leave of the King at Richmond about noon and so come to London with speed about four of the clock, where then the barge of Gravesend was ready to launch forth, with a prosperous tide and wind. Without any further abode he entered the barge and so passed forth. His happy speed was such that he arrived at Gravesend within little more than three hours; where he tarried no longer than his post horses were provided, and travelling so speedily with post horses that he came to Dover the next morning early, whereas the passengers were ready under sail displayed to sail to Calais. Into which passengers without any further abode he entered and sailed forth with them, so that he arrived at Calais within three hours, and having three post horses in a readiness, departed incontinent, making such hasty speed that he was that night with the Emperor, who, having understanding of the coming of the King of England's ambassador, would in no wise defer the time, but sent incontinent for him. The ambassador having opportunity, disclosed the sum of his embassy unto the Emperor, of whom he required speedy expedition, the which was granted; so that the next day he was clearly despatched with all the King's requests fully accomplished. At which time he made no further tarriance, but with post horses rode incontinent that night towards Calais again, conducted thither with such number of horsemen as the Emperor had appointed, and was at the opening of the gates there, when the passengers were as ready to return into England as they were before in his advancing, insomuch that he arrived at Dover by ten of the clock before noon, and having post horses in a readiness, come to the Court at Richmond that night." It is not surprising to read that the King was "in a great confuse and wonder of his hasty speed," when he heard of it. Wolsey's success was phenomenal, but he left no stone unturned to achieve it.

With the accession of Henry VIII came his great opportunity. The old King had been his own chief minister, needing no power behind the throne. The young King was gay and debonair, a gallant of an age not at all inclined to sacrifice the pleasures of youth for dull state business. More than ready to play the King and dominate the stage, he was not to be burdened with the setting of it. Wolsey, trained to statecraft, the trusted servant of his father, was the very man he needed. Moreover, he was a very pleasant fellow, as fitted to be his companion in lighter moods as in the Council Chamber. Despite a twenty years' difference in their ages, a real friendship grew up between them, and Wolsey's influence over the King endured for nearly two decades.

If Wolsey exerted the great influence he possessed to advance his own fortunes, he laboured hard for England and education. His great College of Christ Church at Oxford still stands, a monument to his patronage of learning and his taste in architecture. The gateway of his college for poor students at his native town of Ipswich bears witness to a greater scheme that only his fall frustrated. His zeal to reform the monasteries has been often overlooked. He fully realized the abuses that had arisen, and before the end came he had already reformed or abolished several of the smaller ones. Had he been given time there is no doubt that he would have effected reforms that might have obviated the wholesale dissolution that followed. But the great question of the divorce arose and changed the face of England.

From the outset Wolsey realized that the question of the divorce meant ruin to himself. He was between the Pope and the King, and a solution agreeable to both was impossible. He had overcome every difficulty and had risen to the height of his ambition—Cardinal, Chancellor, Archbishop, Almoner, Privy Councillor—but here at last he was face to face with a difficulty that so far as he was concerned was insurmountable. His own position was perfectly clear. As a Cardinal of the Church he could not question the authority of the Pope to grant the dispensation for the marriage of the King and Catherine of Aragon. All his efforts were devoted to preventing the question being narrowed down to this point. If everything else failed and the King, bent upon the divorce, was forced to question the Pope's authority to grant the dispensation, a breach between Wolsey and the King was inevitable. Wolsey strove his utmost in a losing battle to keep the question solely to the legal issue. If any flaw could be found in the wording or intention of the Act of dispensation itself, the Pope might annul it and still save his authority. But here the insurmountable difficulty was that the Pope dare not thus annul the marriage in face of the opposition of the Emperor, Catherine's near relative and stout supporter. So failing to get the marriage annulled on legal grounds, Henry was forced to go further and question the authority of the Pope to grant the dispensation. And here, Wolsey, like the Pope in his own case, was between two fires. It must, however, be remembered to Wolsey's credit that, against his own worldly interests, he followed his conscience. Had he been content to carry out the King's will he might well have strengthened his position behind the Throne. He chose to remain loyal to his Church though that decision meant the inevitable end of his career. It must have been a great effort to break with the King he had so long served and whom he knew so intimately. "I would all the world knew," he said pathetically when the end came, "and so I confess, to have nothing, either riches, honour or dignity, that hath not grown of him and by him; therefore it is my very duty to surrender the same to him again as his very own with all my heart, or else I were an unkind servant."

THOMAS WOLSEY whose iron was shattered between the anvil of the Pope and the hammer of the King

No fall was ever more sudden or complete. Anne Boleyn recognized in Wolsey the chief obstacle to her elevation to the throne, and she had already ousted him from first place by the king's side. "Mistress Anne Boleyn" we read "was much offended with the king, as far as she durst, that he so greatly entertained my lord, saying as she sat with the king at dinner, in communication with him, "Sir," quoth she, "is it not a marvellous thing to consider what debt and danger the Cardinal hath brought you in with all your subjects!" "How so, sweetheart?" quoth the king. "Forsooth," quoth she, "there is not a man within all your realm worth five pounds, but he hath indebted you unto him" (meaning by a loan that the king had had late of his subjects). "Well, well," quoth the king, "as for that there is in him no blame, for I know that matter better than you or any other." "Nay sir," quoth she, "besides all that, what things hath he wrought within this realm to your great slander and dishonour? There is never a nobleman within this realm that if he had done but half so much as he hath done, but he were well worthy to lose his head. If my Lord of Norfolk, my Lord of Suffolk, my lord my father, or any other noble person within your realm had done much less than he, but they should have lost their heads or this." "Why then, I perceive," quoth the king "ye are not the cardinal's friend?" "Forsooth, Sir," then quoth she, "I have no cause, nor any other that loveth your grace, no more have your grace, if ye consider well his doings." Not only the first Protestant Queen, but other forces arrayed against him were too strong, but it was with reluctance Henry realized that his fall was inevitable and acquiesced in it. Wolsey too knew that it was inevitable and made no undignified protest, no attempt to defend himself. Never had his greatness of mind stood more clearly revealed than in the day of his misfortune. Ordered to retire to his Archbishopric of York he bore himself with such simplicity and humility and sought so diligently, in spite of failing health, to perform the duties of his office that he won the love and affection of all classes in the north. Small wonder that his enemies about the king feared one whose outstanding personality commanded such respect even in adversity. The king was prevailed upon to sign a warrant for his arrest and appearance for trial in London. But death robbed his enemies of their triumph.

The closing scenes are full of dignity. His farewell to his Archbishopric of York was a triumph, not the departure of a prisoner to his trial. "But to tell you of the number of people of the county that were assembled at the gates which lamented his departing was wondrous, which was about the number of three thousand persons, who at the opening of the gates, after they had a sight of his person, cried all with a loud voice, 'God save your Grace! God save your Grace! The foul evil take all them that hath thus taken you from us! We pray God that a very vengeance may light upon them!' Thus ran they crying after him, they loved him so well." Everywhere on the progress southwards he met with the same respect and veneration, until finally, needing to be supported on either side as he rode his mule, he arrived at Leicester Abbey.

The end came on the following Tuesday morning at eight of the clock, November the 29th, 1530. Few last words have been as universally remembered as his. "Had I served God as diligently as I have done the King he would not have given me over in my grey hairs." It was a more affecting ending and one that has made a greater impression upon history than the ending he had planned for himself in the heydey of his prosperity. Had he died in the plentitude of his power and been buried in the great tomb that he had designed for himself with the four candlesticks to stand beside it his memory could not have been more effectively enshrined. The tomb, cast aside and forgotten for nearly three centuries, now covers the body of Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the candlesticks, cast out of Windsor by Cromwell, stand to-day in the Cathedral at Ghent, but no trace remains to show where the body of Wolsey lies. Yet his memory lives.

F. B. Bradley-Birt

A WOLSEY SHRINE: The moat and bridge and the Cardinal's room at Birt's Moreton Court, Worcs., where he served as chaplain to Sir Richard Nanfan (Governor of the then English possession of Calais) to whom he owed his introduction to the first Tudor king

TRAGEDIES *on* LAND *and* SEA

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: The British liner, Highland Hope, *which ran aground on the rocks of the Farilhoes off the Portuguese coast. Only one casualty was recorded out of the 545 members of the passengers and crew, who are seen above leaving the ship, which, it is feared, will become a total loss*

SPEARED ON THE ROCKS: The prow of the ill-fated Highland Hope *wedged on the dangerous rocks off the Portuguese coast*

A VICTIM OF THE WAVES: The heavy seas inundating the empty decks of the derelict Highland Hope. *It seems at the time of writing that the vessel will be pounded to pieces, as all attempts to float her off the rocks have proven abortive*

A TRAGEDY OF THE LAND: The French express from Paris to Nantes was derailed between Clermont-sur-Loire and Oudon owing to subsidence after rain and flooding by the Loire. The engine fell into the river and the two leading coaches tumbled on their sides and slid into the water. The other coaches were badly damaged. Most of the passengers, who were in the front of the train, were injured and many were entrapped in the wreckage, meeting with horrible deaths in the submerged carriages. The driver and stoker were killed. A signalman at Clermont who saw the subsidence rushed on the line in a vain endeavour to stop the train, but was run down

A LAST LOOK ROUND

TROUBLE AT THE START OF THE OLD CROCKS' RACE: One of the fifty-one entries in the race to Brighton, commemorating the day motors were allowed to dispense with the red flag, fills up at Westminster. Forty-seven cars arrived. The winner, a twenty-six-year-old Dietrich, reached Brighton in 1 hr. 53 min.

BOOKS AND MORE BOOKS: The cataloguing of the library of the late Lord Birkenhead in preparation for the sale was a stupendous task carried on in the ex-Lord Chancellor's house in Grosvenor Gardens

THE CATHARINETTES RACE: A feature of Montmartre is the holding of curious events—waiters' races and the like. Catharinettes are unmarried midinettes of twenty-five years of age or more. Each little milliner had to cover a course of 600 metres with a large hat box on her arm

THE DEBUT: The ferocious Malay tiger newly presented to the Zoo refused for days to appear in public, but was finally coaxed to do so by a tempting meal placed in the exhibition cage

COMMUNITY SINGING IN JAPAN: Yet another Occidental innovation in the most progressive of Oriental lands is the movement sponsored here by a notable Press lord. The scene above took place at a base-ball game—another Western import. The "leader"—a very modern Miss—kept the crowd in fits of laughter

WIND-JAMMERS

in 1930—and Beyond

The End of the Tall Ships Fast Approaches

By A. J. VILLIERS

Reasoning, I suppose, that the present supply of sail-trained pilots is more than sufficient to see existing sailing-ships off the face of the waters, and that nobody is likely to build any more, I hear that there is a good chance of Trinity House rescinding its strict ruling that no master mariner may qualify as pilot without the possession of a master's certificate for square-rigged sail. Well, I suppose it had to come. A nation cannot go on drawing an indefinite supply of sail-trained officers when it has no sailing ships. But I hope that our great seafaring nation will never descend to happenings of the kind that befell us in the old full-rigger *Grace Harwar*, coming into Wilmington, North Carolina, with a cargo of Peruvian guano towards the end of 1928. A brass-buttoned pilot came aboard when we picked up the land. He shook our old man's hand effusively and surveyed the old-timer's deck with a far from professional eye. Then he turned to the old man with a grin.

"Say," he said, "I ain't never seen a ship like this before an' I don't know how she goes. So you just take charge of sailin' her an' I'll tell you the way."

It worked, of course; and anyway we never had thought much of the U.S. Merchant Service. But what an advertisement for a sea-faring nation! It is quite likely that we shall be no better off than that long before the last of the tall ships is gone from the ocean. The Germans are still building them. M. Dumesnil, French Minister of Marine, told the *Petit Parisien* the other day that he was reverting to training in sail as part of the course of training for French Naval officers. Japan turned out a new four-masted barque the other day for merchant service and naval trainees. Spain has a new schooner; Greece a new full-rigged ship. Sweden has just bought another four-masted barque from America. . . .

And what about that grand fleet that races home annually from Australia, scupper-deep with wheat, short-handed of crew, heavy-masted, and short of sails, flying before the Cape Horn gales along the old, old road ten thousand sailing ships have sailed; along which no British sailing ship, perhaps, may pass again? This year, for the first time, the race was left entirely to the Finns and the Swedes. The loss of the four-masted barque *Garthpool* put Britain out of it; the mysterious disappearance of the beautiful five-master *Köbenhavn* finished the Danes. The French have been gone long since; Norway no longer owns a deepsea sailing ship, nor do the Germans, with the exception of their nitrate barques from Hamburg, and an odd training ship such as the *Oldenburg* and the *Schulschiff Deutschland*.

In a few years—this coming year, maybe—it is likely that the race will be left entirely to the Finns. It is the last trade left to the great sailer, this bringing home grain from Australia. Sometimes the ships carry out Baltic pine for Australian timber merchants, or rock salt from Liverpool or silver sand from Antwerp. But now the new Australian tariffs have put an end to the timber trade, and the steamers hotly complete for the rock salt and the sand. This year the grain harvests of Australia failed; the sailers went out and found there was no grain for them at paying rates. They were prepared to accept little enough, but there was not that little to be had. Some of the ships came home empty, sailing round the world in ballast, earning nothing, losing heavily. The barquentine *Mozart* and the bargue *Penang* encircled the world in idleness, sailing out to Port Lincoln for orders, reaching there to find no cargoes and to sail on, still empty, to Falmouth for orders again. The *Penang* was offered a freight of 13s. a ton to load grain in Sydney. She could not take it for the simple reason that it would have meant that, instead of being paid to deliver that grain, she would be paying 7s. a ton for the privilege of carrying it.

She carries about 3,000 tons. At 13s. she would earn £1,950. It costs her £400 a month to run. She would take five months, perhaps six. That would be well over £2,000 without reckoning handling costs at all. It was quite impossible.

Still, the Swedish four-masted barque *C. B. Pedersen* accepted a freight that was little better. She was paid 14s. 6d.—a starvation rate. Even though her owners draw a small subsidy from Swedish underwriters and the Swedish Government for the good work they are doing in keeping sail training alive, I believe that that voyage resulted in a loss of over £3,000. The *C. B. Pedersen* cannot keep going on passages like that.

The ten ships that raced this year, counting the two in ballast, were the four-masted barques *Herzogin Cecilie*, *Pommern*, *C. B. Pedersen*, *Beatrice*, *Archibald Russell*, *Lawhill*, and *Melbourne*; the barquentine *Mozart* and the barques *Favell* and *Penang*. Last year fourteen raced; the year before that, seventeen; the year before that twenty-one.

The barquentine *Mozart* was an easy first with a passage of ninety-three days, but as she was in ballast she had an advantage over the heavily-laden vessels. The *C. B. Pedersen* was next with ninety-six days, but she was ruled out of the race for not going round Cape Horn. She didn't stay the course. An eight-day hurricane, when she was not far from the Horn, so battered her decks and damaged her in general that she had to put up her helm and run 4,000 miles out of her course to Panama for repairs.

Of course, she could have been repaired at ports much nearer Cape Horn than Panama. But Captain Dahlstrom knew those South American ports; a lot of work is done in them in a very long time. The policy of Peruvian and Chilean shipwrights and all other workers in general may be summed up in one word—*mañana*. At least, that was his experience. I don't know that he is wrong. A sailing ship master has to be a master of economy as well as of sails and the sea if he is to keep his post.

The *C. B. Pedersen* lost all her boats, had her poop deck twisted, some of her bulwarks washed away, and was smashed up in general. She was temporarily repaired at Panama and then came through the Canal, a quite unprecedented proceeding for a square-rigged ship that set out from Australia to round the Horn. I hear that there is not much likelihood that she will go to sea again.

Then there was the *Pommern*, a nice four-masted barque that has done well under the German flag though she has not done much for the Finns. She was 103 days, and won the race for the grain ships proper. She lost her carpenter over the side in a Cape Horn sea, and two days out of port found a stowaway down the forepeak amongst the cook's coal.

"I thought, for one dreadful minute, that it might have been a woman as it was in the *Herzogin Cecilie's* case in 1928," the youthful Captain Granith of the *Pommern* afterwards said. "But it was only a poor British migrant, down on his luck in Australia, anxious to get home. I asked him if he would work hard and eat just enough to keep him alive. He answered that he would do anything so long as I did not put back to land him. He joined the crew and worked with us splendidly. When we came in I paid him off with full wages just as the others had."

It was all rot, of course, about "eating just enough to keep him alive." They are decent sorts, these Swedish Finns. If I cannot sail with British-ers in sail, then I want nothing better than to sail with Finns. . . .

The *Archibald Russell* was 110 days, comparing poorly with her ninety-three days of the previous season. She reported an uneventful passage, but then sailing ships always do report uneventful passages. If someone is there with the eyes to see and the pen to record, none of them, I wager, completes a three, four, or five month passage without a story.

The old *Beatrice*, lovely old Clyde-sider that she is, was lucky in achieving her ambition at last to defeat the proud, white *Herzogin Cecilie*, winner of the race in 1927 and 1928. The *Herzogin Cecilie* this year was 110 days compared with the *Beatrice's* 104. The *Beatrice* also had the distinction of bringing home a cargo of wool to the West India Docks—the first wool cargo to come home in sail, I think, since the real old clipper days. She got that charter because wool prices had dropped so heavily, and a sailing ship gave four months' free warehousing of her cargo compared with the steamer's six weeks. And there is always the chance that, while she is at sea, prices may improve. They did in the *Beatrice's* case, and the gambling spirit that got her cargo also earned her charterer a few hundreds for his pains.

The others of the fleet were nowhere. It wasn't a real race, as bygone generations of sailormen knew them. How can the ships race when they are so old, so poorly off for gear, and carry such small crews? They cannot hold to sail in heavy wind, fair or foul; if they do not shorten down quickly when fresh wind comes, the chances are that they will not be able to shorten down at all. In 1928 I came around the Horn in the big *Herzogin Cecilie* that had carried 120 hands all told in her palmy days under the German flag. With the Finns we had twenty-six. Last year I came home round the Horn in the Finn *Grace Harwar*, and watch and watch we were thirteen. Thirteen hands before the mast in a 2,000-ton full-rigged ship. With all hands out we were not one watch on deck; and then, we were all boys. They are all boys in these Finnish ships. Men have too much sense to go.

And yet I don't know. Sail still casts its spell, is still the loveliest means of leisured travel man has devised. Somehow I feel when the boredom of the jammed-up city presses heavily, that I should not mind if I were setting out again.

But the chances are that the opportunity will not long remain. For next year's grain four ships only have been chartered, and they are lucky ones. It looks as if Trinity House is right in its belie that it will not have to bother for many years longer to provide pilots qualified to handle the tall ships of sail.

A BEAUTY OF BYGONE DAYS: The Swedish "Abraham Rydberg," one of the last of the wind-jammers, which has been converted into a training ship. She made her last commercial voyage (laden with grain she took four months to come from 'Frisco to London) last summer

OUT ON THE BOWSPRIT: A typical scene on a Wind-jammer

RELATIVIST.—In this discussion about the universe, we agree that it is meaningless to speak of the curvature of empty space. For the expression to have any significance we must introduce some sort of test-rod to detect the curvature—and then space ceases to be *empty*. Curved space is an abstract conception; curved measuring rods are tangible and concrete.

The universe is four—not three—dimensional. This brings us to the question of *time*, and its part in relativistic geometry.

Layman.—Just a minute. I don't see how time can have a part in *any* sort of geometry.

R.—There is not a tremendous difference between geometries of two and three dimensions. The line that bounds one side of a triangle may go to form an edge of a cube. On the other hand, if we are going to consider time as a fourth dimension, there arise, as you say, some fundamental difficulties. How can we build triangles out of time?

Let us try. A man walks one mile north and two miles east. We can draw a diagram of this, say on the scale of one inch to the mile.

Now take this problem: A man walks a mile in fifteen minutes. The mile-part again can be diagrammed. But how are we to put the fifteen *minutes* into the picture?

Physicist.—That is easy. Draw it on the scale of one inch to fifteen minutes.

Relativist.—The problem isn't as simple as that. We could draw the first picture without trouble, both because miles and inches are measures or *space*. But you will not find it so easy to divide *time* into inches.

L.—I know a common instance where time and space are regarded as interchangeable. You frequently hear such an expression as "I live thirty minutes from Charing Cross," when in reality the speaker refers to the distance he must travel to reach a certain point.

R.—You are on the right track. And here is the crux of the matter. In past discussions we found it necessary to distinguish between *time itself* and *intervals of time*. We are conscious of a sequence of events which our minds recognize as being accompanied by the passage of time. This vague sort of time is of little importance to Physics, where clear definitions are necessary. You know yourself that the fundamental nature of time is of no consequence to you. Your chief interest is in clocks, in measures of time.

Time and motion are practically synonymous. I have said before that a world without movement of any kind would also be a world without time. There are many ways of measuring the passage of time, but all are founded on the same idea—motion of something or other—water flowing through an orifice, falling sand, the earth's rotation, revolving clock-hands, and so forth.

This gives us a chance to complete our picture; we see that intervals of time may be represented as intervals of space. On the face of my watch, for example, fifteen minutes are approximately an inch and a quarter.

If, then, I set up my watch as standard for the universe, I can plot fifteen minutes of time as an inch and a quarter, and our picture will look like this.

COSMOS

A Dialogue and an Exposition on a Topic Obsessing Many Thinking Minds

DIALOGUE

On an alarum clock, fifteen minutes is a much greater distance—on a tower clock still greater—and so on.

There are many ways of expressing time in terms of space, and vice versa. The thirty minutes in your apt illustration represent the distance traversed by some individual between his home and, say, Big Ben.

Suppose we set out to choose a universal clock — what qualifications do you think the ideal time-piece should fulfil?

L.—The ideal clock should keep perfect time.

R.—Let's analyse that statement. What do you mean by keeping "perfect time"?

P.—According to our definition, this requires that the motion of the clock-hand be absolutely uniform — that its velocity be unaffected by temperature, pressure, gravity, motion, and other influences.

R.—Right! But what clock or watch does more than approach those ideal conditions? Even the rotating earth appears to be slowing. There is only one thing in the world I can think of that comes anywhere near our ideal — a clock made of light beams.

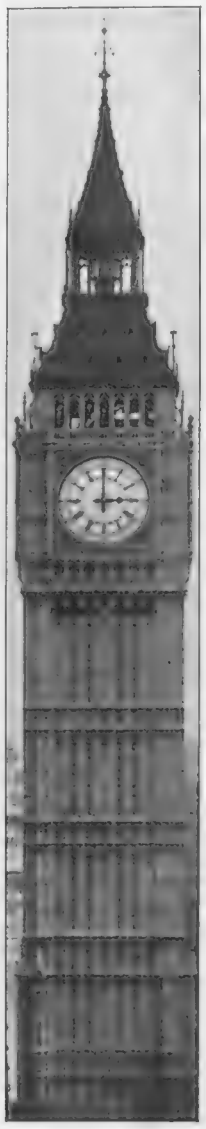
I strike a match. Its radiance spreads out into space at a speed of 186,000 miles a second. One of the *postulates* of relativity is that the velocity of light in a vacuum is always the same no matter how it is measured. Here, then, is an ideal clock. Place two mirrors facing each other across an interval of 186,000 miles. Now start a tiny flash of light winging its way back and forth, like a shuttle-cock, between them.

P.—Hold on a minute. I think that the rate of your clock would vary according as it is moving or is stationary in space. If it is moving, the light ray will have to chase after the mirror in order to be reflected, and the clock will run more slowly.

R.—You are forgetting that it is impossible for us to tell whether or not a given clock is stationary in space. Velocity has significance only when we are able to detect the surroundings of the object in motion. Empty space is not visible, hence it is impossible to measure the absolute velocity of anything. The whole structure of relativity is reared upon this point.

P.—But clocks moving relatively to each other will run at different rates.

R.—That is true. You are, no doubt, about to suggest that we substitute some sort of ideal mechanical clock. Even that does not take us out of the wood, however. The speed of light still comes into the picture. In order to read the clock we must illuminate it, and the light from its face must enter our eye.



TIME: Does it ultimately exist?

You note that the clock at Westminster tower stands at six o'clock. If you are a very accurate person you may reflect that, since you are a mile away from the clock, it is actually 1/186,000th of a second later, adding the time it takes the light to reach your eye.

P.—I withdraw my objections. I see that no clock I could propose would serve any better than your light-ray clock. Furthermore, if our theories are to be in any sense universal, the universe must be our laboratory. Light rays are the only messengers we have that tell us what is occurring in the depths of space. A new star flashes in the sky. Actually the outburst may have occurred hundreds of years ago. The flash we see may well be called the tick of the clock that recorded the conflagration. In order to compute the actual date of the catastrophe, we must divide the distance of the star by the velocity of light. That tells us how long ago the flash occurred.

R.—It would, but for one thing. The *measured* velocity of light is always 186,000 miles a second. This is due to the fact that motion so affects our clocks and measuring rods that this answer is a foregone conclusion. But the effective speed of light may be anything. This is a point not always brought out. In our clock tower analogy, if there is anything like an "ether wind" arising from the joint motion of yourself and the tower, the light will be carried toward you in the same way that a high wind speeds the transmission of the sound of a church bell. Since no experiment we can perform can detect existence of this ether wind "blowing" the light toward or away from you, you will be unable to calculate either the exact time of six o'clock on Big Ben's face, or the moment that the star's flare occurred."

Donald H. Menzel
(Lick Observatory, California)

EXPOSITION

It was Newton who formulated for the first time the so-called Emission Theory of Light: That light consists of a mass of very small particles, or as he called them, corpuscles, ejected with great force from the source of light. Newton's hypothesis, however, was discarded when it became impossible to explain certain features about light which could be explained with the aid of other theories only.

One such feature, the so-called Interference of Light, that is to say, the fact that light and light will result in darkness under certain conditions, is absolutely inexplicable, if we assume that a ray of light consists of a current of separate small particles.

Newton's theory was replaced by the theory of *wave motion* developed by a triumphant later scientific period. Once we assume that a ray of light is really a wave motion within a certain medium, such as the ether—a continuous waveline of vibrating ether parts, then Interference can easily be explained. If the crest of a wave would meet with the trough of another wave exactly of the same size, then they will extinguish each other, and light will become darkness.

By this wave motion, or as it was otherwise called, the undulation theory, the other light phenomena could also be beautifully explained by the scientists of a later day. Reflection and flection of light could be interpreted to their fullest satisfaction. They were convinced that they had found irrefutable proof for the undulation theory by the following conclusion.

If light passes from a thinner medium into a thicker one, for instance from air into water, then it should show a reduced speed if the undulation theory is correct. The experiment proved that the speed of light did decrease and accordingly the victory of the undulation theory was established. At least it was thought so until Einstein created a sensation in the scientific world by announcing in 1905 that light-electrical effects could only be explained if it was assumed that light energy took the form of definite separated quanti, that is to say of definite small corpuscles.

It was, by the way, for this achievement and not for his relativity theory of 1921 that Einstein received the Nobel prize for physics, a fact little known to the general public.

Shortly afterwards Professor Compton of Chicago discovered another phenomenon which pointed even more convincingly towards the presence of light corpuscles and towards the discontinuous nature of light as advocated by Newton and Einstein. It was particularly apparent with rays of very high frequency—short wave lengths. The theoretical science of physics had thus come into a remarkable dilemma, fortunately unique in the history of natural sciences. On the one hand a group of observation results, above all the Interference phenomena, proved that light was a continuous wave-movement in a hypothetical medium, the ether. On the other hand it was shown by certain photo-electrical experiments and the Compton effect that light is formed by free and small parts, the so-called quanti or light atoms, which behave in many respects in the same way as the electrons, the smallest parts of matter known to us. Light would therefore be discontinuous like matter and the energy of rays, it must be assumed, is distributed in infinitesimal points massed together in energy knots as it were.

Both theories, the undulation and the corpuscles theory, had been irrefutably proved. Yet they contradicted and excluded each other. This conflict remained for years the great mystery of theoretical physics, a riddle which scientists all over the world tried in vain to solve.

At the beginning of this year Sir Oliver Lodge stated that the greatest scientific event of the decade had been the formulation of the Quantum theory by Professor Max Plank and that the importance of Plank's findings was even greater than that of Einstein's relativity. He had realized that Plank's labours had brought us to the solution of the riddle. Plank has been aided by the work of two other men; the brilliant young Frenchman de Broglie and Professor Schroedinger of Berlin, and Plank himself is the first to insist upon their merits in the new conception of light and even to ascribe all honour to them.

Louis de Broglie pointed the way in his essay for the degree of a Doctor of Physics in 1924.

At first the amazing thesis was put up that matter has the same double nature as light. Matter consists ultimately of electrical units, the electrons. These have a purely corpuscular character, but only so long as they move in approximately straight lines. Electrons which are bound to the atom however, move in strongly wavering lines. In-so-far they can no longer be compared to points. They become indistinct, they flow into space and time and might almost be compared to a wave pulsing on the same spot. With them, the terms of corpusculary mechanics, based upon the fiction of material points as elementary units, became replaced by the terms of wave-mechanics.

In that event it has no longer any sense to speak of a material point or to try and define the position of the electrons in their way at any given moment. Space and time exist no longer, at least they exist no longer as separate conceptions, in the world of the atom, which is entirely incomprehensible to our senses and organs, and quite inconceivable to our mind.

In the light of Plank's explanation there is no longer any contrast between the two rival theories of the nature of light. Light is a wave motion but its energy, especially in the case of high frequency rays, is massed together in "quanti," small energy parcels which may be likened to the equally discontinuous units of matter. Under certain conditions these smallest parts will flow in a kind of pulsing wave which will explain all the phenomena hitherto explained by the undulation theory.

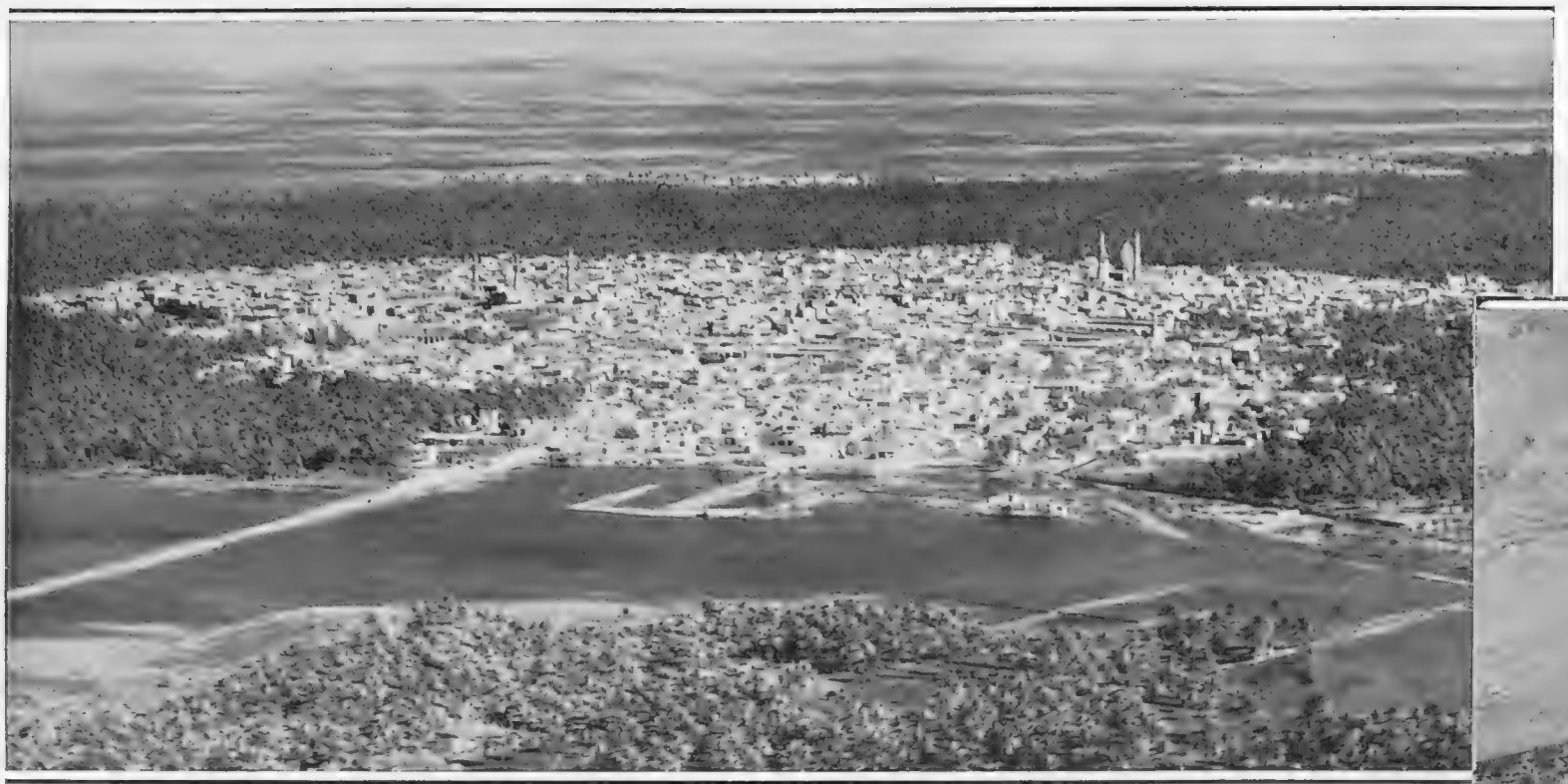
Ansgar Roth
(Principal, Stockholm Observatory)

LONG LIVE THE PETTICOAT

WHERE THE FARTHINGALE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAY SURVIVES: A picture from modern Hungary, showing a Palocz girl of the village of Bulyak who, after being dressed by a friend, is returning the compliment. The innermost petticoat of the numerous skirts worn is stiffer than a "boiled" shirt

NOT PEACOCKS BUT PEASANTS: Girls of Southern Hungary whose skirts are so voluminous that, as they sit down, they have to spread them as a peacock spreads his tail. *Inset above on left* are two more studies of these peasants who spin in the manner of their remote forbears

Tho women in the upper right-hand picture wear so many skirts (the innermost of which is stiffer than a man's starched collar) that they have both to dress and undress in the open air, being unable when fully clad to pass through the doors of their homes. They use special chairs without backs, as otherwise they would be unable to sit down. The original farthingale came to England from Spain in the sixteenth century. It was disused in the reign of Charles II, but reappeared as the hooped petticoat of the eighteenth century, only to disappear finally in England as the crinoline, some sixty years ago



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THE HOLY CITY OF SHIA ISLAM: An overhead view of Kerbela, where the hosts of Hussein were put to the sword

For the Shias, Kerbela and Nejef take the place of Mecca and Medina. A pilgrimage to these desert towns, known as *zyaret* (the visit) *is as meritorious in the eyes of Persian Islam as the longer and more difficult journey to the Hedjaz.* The annual number of pilgrims varies between 150,000 and 200,000, and in a prosperous year it may rise to something like 300,000.

THE PILGRIM "BROKER": A feature of Shia Islam awaits his charges at Kerbela Station

Each group has a leader who carries a flag stamped with a text from the Koran, or the names of the twelve Imams, descendants of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet Muhammad. Having purified themselves by the prescribed ablutions, the pilgrims present themselves at the shrine of Hussein, and after begging the Saint's permission to approach, they circle the grave three times and then prostrate themselves to the accompaniment of prayers and lamentations. For to them Hussein represents all that was most gallant in the young warrior Islam. He married Fatimah, the famous daughter of the Prophet, though Persian legend attributes to him a bride of the Royal Sassanian House, last of the great national dynasties to rule in Fars, and thus ensures him a double claim to the veneration of loyal Persians. Invited by the Khans to proclaim himself Commander of the Faithful in place of the brilliant intriguer, Moawiya, who had already founded the Omeyad Caliphate in Damascus, Hussein marched across the deserts from Mecca with thirty horse and forty foot, including women and children. In the plain of Kerbela he was met by the hosts of his rival and, deserted by the Khans, was massacred with every male in his party. It is in memory of this wholesale martyrdom that the Shias keep the first days of Muharram as a period of lamentation.

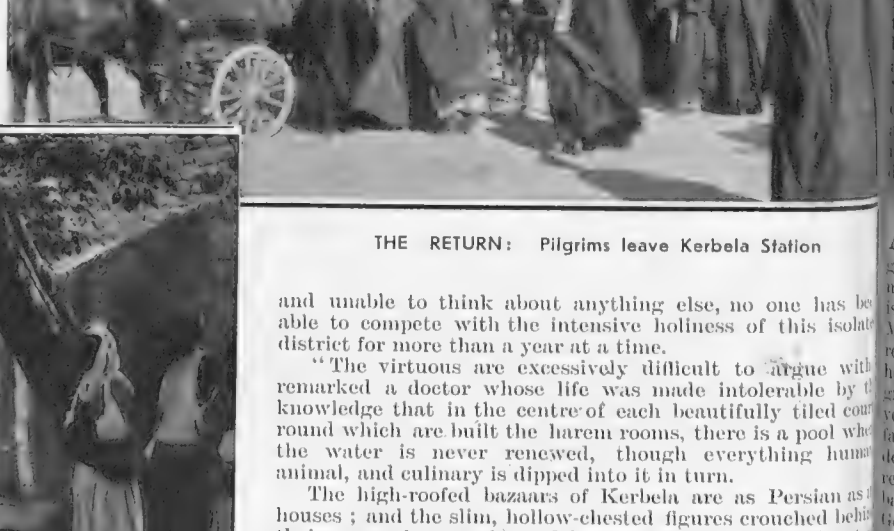
Where Hussein pitched his camp in Kerbela, there is now a small mosque approached between a double row of dwarf arches supposed to represent the tents of the butchered warriors, and from here each year starts the procession of mourners, armed with axes, knives, and other sharp instruments with which they strike themselves on heads and shoulders as they advance, sometimes linked together, intoning a frenzied lament for the death of their saint.

It is said that the richest treasure in Islam lies under the great golden dome of Hussein's mosque, but alas, the bazaar huddles so closely round its walls, that all the infidel can see of this most famous shrine is a blaze of mosaics through one of the four great doors which open straight into the Suq.

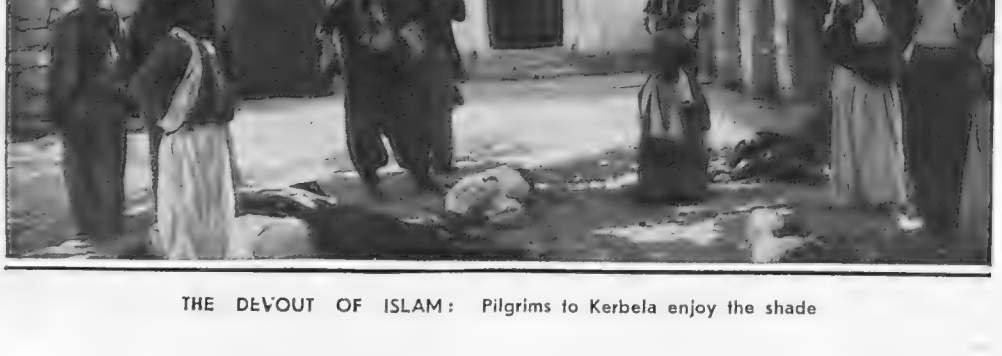
Like Gertrude Bell, I climbed on to the roof of a neighbouring house. In the glare and dust of a desert noon I looked across a wilderness of mud walls to the splendour of Hussein's dome covered with beaten gold between minarets of the same precious material, and I remembered her appreciation, "It was the sense of having reached those regions which saw the founding of imperial Islam, regions which remained for many centuries the seat of the paramount ruler, the Commander of the Faithful. Within the compass of a two days' journey lay the battlefield of Kadisiyah, where Khalid ibn u'l Wali overthrew at once and for ever the Sassanian Power. Chosroes with his hosts his satraps, his Arab allies—those princes of the house of Mundhi whose capital was one of the first cradles of Arab culture—stepped back at his coming into the shadowy past; their cities and palaces faded and disappeared; Hira Khawarnak, Ctesiphon, and many another of which the very site is forgotten; a the pomp and valour of an earlier time fell together like an army of dreams the first trumpet blast of those armies of the Faith which hold the land unt this hour."

A CITY L

But there is another aspect of Kerbela which must affect the stranger comin from the more progressive towns of Iraq bent on modernization and place in the League of Nations. Kerbela to-day is exactly as it was 600 year ago, and so it is likely to remain, for harassed officials assured me that with t exception of the late mayor, who was particularly successful in dealing wi the obstinate, avaricious, and narrow-minded Sayèds claiming descent from A



THE RETURN: Pilgrims leave Kerbela Station



THE DEVOUT OF ISLAM: Pilgrims to Kerbela enjoy the shade

and unable to think about anything else, no one has be able to compete with the intensive holiness of this isolate district for more than a year at a time.

"The virtuous are excessively difficult to argue with remarked a doctor whose life was made intolerable by t knowledge that in the centre of each beautifully tiled cour round which are built the harem rooms, there is a pool whe the water is never renewed, though everything huma animal, and culinary is dipped into it in turn.

The high-roofed bazaars of Kerbela are as Persian as houses; and the slim, hollow-chested figures crouched behi their wares in open-fronted booths are of that Persian ty which has the Jewish nose and smooth, pale, hairless fac There are Persian tiles in the cafés where Bedouins in checke black and white cotton *kufiyas*, Indians in gold-embroidere caps, Sayèds with rolls of green round their fezes, and t subjects of Riza Khan (forced much against their comm sense to wear the Pahlevi hat, an atrocity rather like railway porter's cap, but high-crowned and excessively stiffene with the peak pointing skyward) drink Persian tea instead

...th ROSITA FORBES ...the NEAR EAST (III)

The HOLY CITIES of SHIA ISLAM

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VIRTUE OF THE DEAD: Nejef, where Ali lies entombed

Arab coffee. There are frescoes representing old Persian stories on every convenient wall and between the honeycombed booths heaped with oranges and sweet lemons, with pistachio nuts and the heads of roses, with plaques of sacred earth on which the believer presses his head in prayer, with shrouds stamped with texts from the Koran, with sharp-pronged instruments representing the hand of Fatimah with which the faithful tear and stab themselves in their frenzy of lamentation, walk Persian ladies under tents of black silk or cotton with a wire *vizier* protruding just above the eyes so that, perhaps, they can catch a glimpse of the way they would go.

The Arab women show one eye, and the Indians, distinguished by their brilliant silk coverings, grass-green, purple, or red, have an inch or two of thick meshing like a grid over the eyes, but they all look like perambulating tents, for nowhere is Islam more repressive to feminine aspirations. In Nejef there are no schools for girls, and the Mujtahids forbid that any woman should learn to read or write, yet in both these sacred towns *mutta* (temporary) marriages can be arranged for a night or a month according to the taste of the pilgrim. The "wife" is paid according for the duration of the marriage which is celebrated by a formal ritual in the presence of witnesses who sign the contract, but no divorce is necessary.

At Nejef, Ali, cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, is buried under another golden dome, and one of the attendant minarets, slightly out of the straight, is said to have salaamed in honour of Muhammad and to have remained pointing reverently in the direction of Meshed, holy city of Persia. Nejef is the burial-ground of the Shias, and thither, all the year round, come the corpses of the faithful in cars, on camels, horses, and donkeys, in baskets, boxes, and rolls of reeds, covered with a red cloth, on men's backs and in their luggage, for the Government raised a storm of protest by forbidding the import of "wet" corpses, i.e. those which had been dead less than a year. Consequently the faithful are obliged to smuggle the uncomplaining dead with apples sewn in their shrouds to hide the odour of decay, but for "dry" corpses there are no restrictions and it may be that a man will converse with you in the desert with the remains of his long-dead relative very obviously sticking out of the bundle on his back.

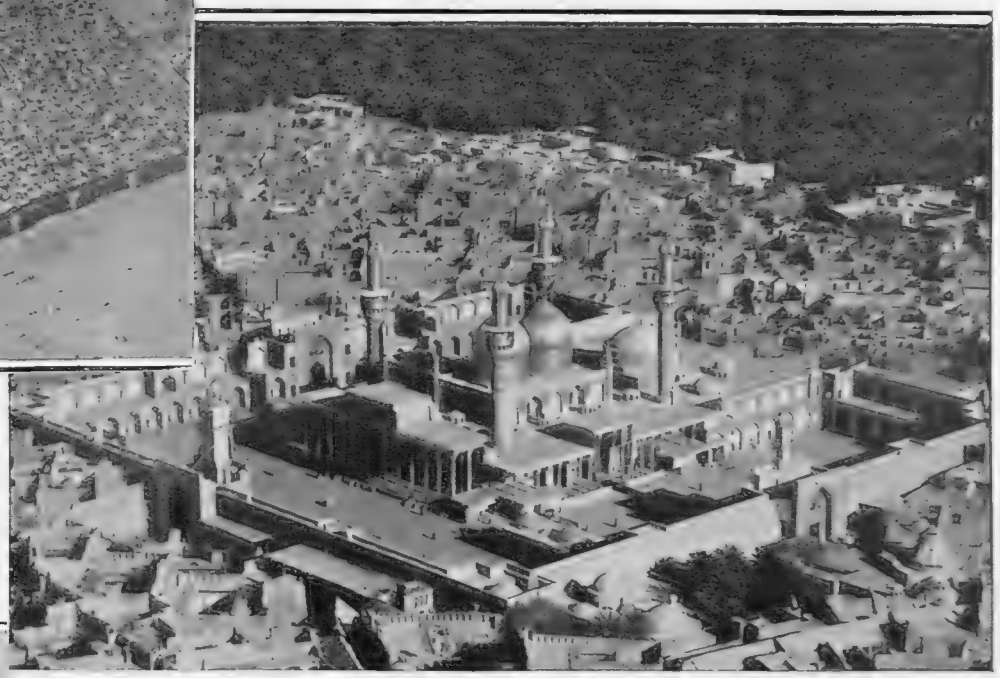
The whole of Nejef lives on the burial trade, and tombs in the holy area being a vested territorial right, families sell space in them for anything from 5 to 1,000 rupees, according to their proximity to the mosque. There is a parking-ground for unburied corpses which is always crowded while the relatives drink tea and smoke water-pipes on acres of narrow wooden couches arranged round a huge earthen stove laden with gaudy china from the Midlands.

The Turkish Government used to charge 9s. import duty on a corpse, and the price of burial was then £40 at Ruwaq in Nejef and only £2 at Samarra, but the Mujtahids, known collectively as "the Threshold," who have great influence (in spite of the fact that there are over 2,000, only forty-one of whom substantiated their claim in the face of Ottoman inquiry) used to insist on additional fees for their services.

For half-an-hour's walk outside the walled city of Nejef, which is treeless and set suddenly in the middle of the desert without any cultivation at all, the ground is holy. It is strewn with tombs of every size, the largest adorned with beautiful blue domes, to which the townsfolk refer as the house of so and so. In fact they live so habitually among the departed that in the course of the average conversation you never know if your companion is referring to the living or the dead, or whether the dwelling which he enthusiastically describes is somebody's new house or a tomb which, with forethought, a prosperous citizen is preparing for his own or somebody else's end.

The most interesting thing in Nejef, apart from the distracting glimpses of the mosque and the bazaars so narrow that two cannot walk abreast between the shops, is the subterranean city which during the torrid summer months houses the whole population.

If the brogue of an infidel happens to impinge upon the first paving-stone of the great mosaiced gateway by which the court of Ali's mosque is approached, a sullen murmur swells among the crowd. Pale faces



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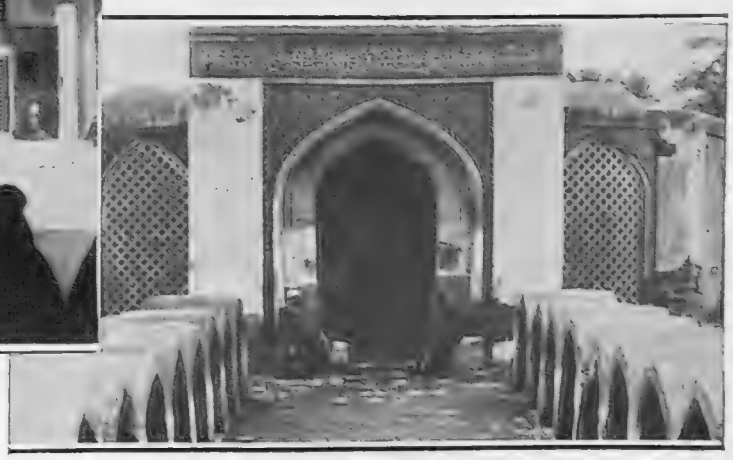
HUSSEIN'S MOSQUE: The Mosque of Khadimain

crowd round the trespasser and there is age-old hatred in eyes which look as if they were drowned in opium, but the fanatical citizens become quite amiable when asked to show their underground retreats.

Preceded by a lantern, I went down an old well shaft into what appeared to be the heart of the earth, and there were great columned apartments, still warm from the sunbaked streets. Farther down we went and the chambers were cooler and low-roofed, some with tiled or frescoed walls, and then down again till we were five storeys under the earth and in a temperate climate.

From one house to another stretch suites of underground rooms with here and there a cavern or an ancient well called "the home of a wind" up which a breeze blows strong and cold. With the first summer heat, carpets, tea-things and water-pipes are brought down to the subterranean houses with bedding for those storm-swept nights when the flying sand makes sleep on the roofs impossible. And, as the temperature increases in the desert-leaguered town, the people of Nejef merely move one storey deeper into the earth.

FORBIDDEN TO INFIDELS: The beautiful Court at Qazimani or Khadimain



BUILT ON THE SITE OF ALI'S CAMP: The Mosque at Kerbela, The round structures are supposed to represent the tents

A MATTER *of* SPORT

SPOILS OF THE CHASE: Mr. A. MacDonald Doughty puts into panniers, carried by a highland pony, the prizes achieved at the Springer Spaniel trials Aberfoyle

AT NORTH BERWICK: Miss Patience Brand, the niece of the Duchess of Abercorn and the daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand

OUT WITH THE QUORN: Master Michael de Pret, son of Captain de Pret of Gaddesby Hall, and *inset on right*, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall

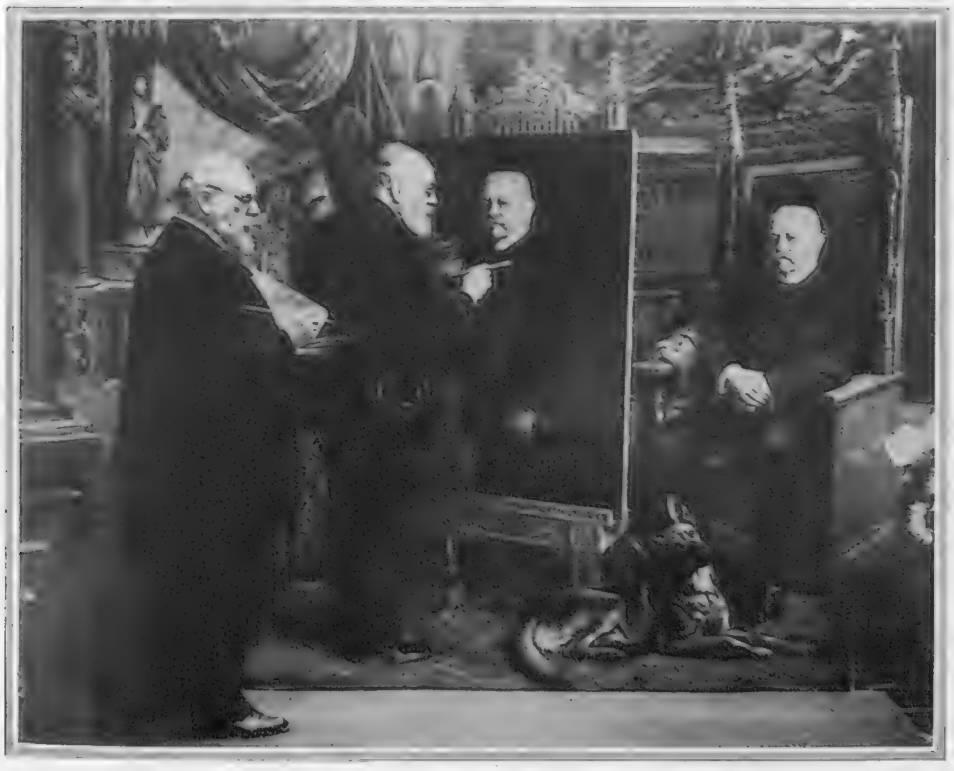
PUTTING HIM THROUH HIS PACES: Master John Walters, son of Mrs. Walters, the well-known dog breeder of Weybridge, and the tiny Shetland pony Sally he shares with brother Peter. These two children aged 4 and 2 are devoted to their steed almost to the exclusion of their mother's dogs

PERSONALITIES

Two Aspects, Public and Private, of the King of Rumania: Prince Sigvard of Sweden: A "Problem" Picture

A PRINCE OF THE PALETTE: Prince Sigvard of Sweden, the twenty-three-year-old son of the Crown Prince who is studying at the Swedish Academy of Arts under the tutelage of his uncle, Prince Eugène, King Gustav's brother

RUMANIA'S BUSY KING: King Carol who, like the greatest of the Lancastrians, has, since coming to the throne, disconcerted all the prophets who regarded his enthronement as an experiment predestined to failure, by abjuring the habits of life previously associated with his name and becoming an admirable Monarch. His Majesty is seen above with Crown Prince Michael and the new Ford car that he has just given his son. Everyone has been commenting on the King's keen and alert spirit



A PICTURE OF A PICTURE OF A PICTURE OF A PORTRAIT: This illustration is something of a novelty. It shows the famous German artist, Herr Fischer, painting a picture of himself painting a portrait of President Hindenburg. The description needs to be expressed in algebraic brackets!

MOTHER AND SON: King Carol II and the Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania at the University Fête at Cluj, Transylvania, where he received an honorary degree. The King (who favours a brooched béret in mufti) is seen for the first time in the imposing uniform of the Royal Guard. His new-found alertness and vitality are clearly to be seen in this picture

200,000 WATTS *in* ONE TUBE

The Great Broadcasting Creation and Other Mechanical Matters of the Week

SAFETY BUFFERS: An experiment was performed on the Southern Railway the other day with a new type of buffer-stop consisting of two lines (outside the metals) attached to the sleepers and the buffers. As the train hits the buffers the lines are pulled up, the sleepers pulled along and the piled up earth acts as a brake. A goods train made up of an engine and thirty-eight trucks, weighing some 600 tons, was driven into the buffers at 8 m.p.h., moving them 5 ft. but harming neither engine nor rolling-stock and averting derailment

A GIGANTIC RADIO TUBE: A great new 200,000-watt broadcasting tube which marks a long step towards the million-watt station of the future. The tube above has a water-cooled grid and plate

A ONE-MAN FIRE BRIGADE: One of the remarkable devices demonstrated at a display of fire-fighting in Berlin last week. On a type of diver's helmet a revolving spray, similar, in miniature, to that used for tennis courts, is set. From this powerful jets of water are emitted

FIRST TALKING MOTOR-CAR: Instead of a hooter, its owner, Mr. P. W. Hill of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, has fitted a microphone to the steering wheel and a moving-coil speaker under the bonnet. By its use the driver can advise pedestrians and cyclists how to move to safety, and can intimate to, or question the point-duty policeman, on the route being taken from several hundred yards' distance. A wag has suggested a bylaw to prevent use of the apparatus during traffic blocks

A SIAMESE PRINCE AS A TELEPHONE ENGINEER: Prince Rajawongse Chua, chief telephone engineer in his own land, is in England studying the latest telephonic methods. He has spent two days watching the cable-laying of the new Standard Liverpool–London line and is seen above testing a cable at Fenny Stratford

From a Drawing in Water-colour by Herbert S. Finn

IN THE GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHTS: A country road on an autumn evening as it appears from the wheel

LATE SEASON MOTORING

The Lure of the Car in the Fall of the Year

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

Those who think of the call of the open road as purely an appeal of the summer-days, as integral a part of the middle season, as the note of the mating blackbird is an integral part of the spring, lose experiences that were not well foregone. For motoring in the fall of the year offers delight to the seeing eye and the perceiving sense.

When, as the poet wrote, "The trees are massed vermilions, crimsons, russets, yellows, golds," and one moves slowly and smoothly along so polychromatic a vision as an autumnal wood; when that indefinable but unmistakable crispness in the air lends a crispness of outline to every object within view; when the tyres swish softly through the brittle fallen leaves—then motoring is an experience to be relished even by those die-hards in this modern world of ours who call cars the invention of the devil and take their pleasure on horseback or on foot.

Not only is the appeal of motoring in autumn æsthetic, however, but there are good practical advantages to be obtained in this season also. Passing over the usual jest (in which there is more than a little truth) that one gets more summer weather after summer is done, the roads are empty—or comparatively so—for many motorists "lay up" their cars after the middle of September. The infernal, eternal lines of traffic—a maddening follow-my-leader behind, probably, some heavy traction-engine or some nervous old lady in a Rolls forbidden to move at more than 15-m.p.h., or some ancient "Heinz" car (fifty-seven varieties) which can just do twenty-five (downhill) is a thing of the past. Good open roads in good open weather confront the autumn motorist.

And again everyone knows the supreme feeling of being "country-hungry and country-tired"—so different from the jaded weariness after a day in town. Hunting folk know it, golfers glimpse it, hikers get it occasionally. But on a cool, crisp day with the tang of the early winter in the air, with the slanting rays of the sun filtering through the crinkled ochre of the dying leaves, with the hint of wood smoke on the breeze, and the gathering shadows evoking a light that holds in it a quality of magic; on such a day and in such an evening does a car bring the greatest happiness to its owner. Or, if the trees have shed their multi-coloured garb, the tracery of their branches, slimly silhouetted against a sky of steel, holds an attraction of its own.

What if the shower has made the roads a slippery trap? It does but give the driver a task he joys in doing well. What if the magic light of the crepuscular sky renders headlights at once necessary and useless? What if the nip of the night frost makes faces tingle and fingers freeze?

The supreme thrill, the quickening of the senses, the keen revivifying air, the clear road, the lighted windows winking in the early darkness are but glorious preliminaries to the glorious return to a fireside, hot tea and muffins, soft chairs, and the relish of an experience never to be missed again.

Norman Hepple

WHEN THE COUNTRYSIDE IS A CHEQUER BOARD IN TONES OF BROWN: An autumnal scene in rural England

Norman Hepple

LIGHT RENDERED RUSSET BY THE LITTER OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES: A moment during a tour in the fall of the year

IN QUEST of the GIANT BULL SABLE ANTEL

The Pictorial Record of
tion Sent Out by the
Natural Sciences, Phil
Headed by Mr. Prent

THE AIM OF THE TRIP: A giant bull sable antelope, one of the rarest beasts of the "Dark Continent." Its superb sweep of horn lends an æsthetic appeal to the quest of this beast

THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE WILD: Wildebeest and Zebra at the water-hole

Inset above—MOST GRACEFUL OF DESERT

COKE'S HARTEBEEST (Bubalis cokei). Sloping-backed, with hanging head and bent horns the hartebeest mounts guard on top of an ant-hill. He looks irritatingly stupid outlined against the sky, but he has his mission to fulfil. In fact he acts as look-out and guard for all the wild beasts in the vicinity, whether of his own kind or not. His wonderful vigilance fits him especially for this occupation. When he sets off at a gallop all other animals follow as a matter of course, one herd after another becoming involved until the whole steppe is seized with panic. . . . ORYX ANTELOPE (Oryx beisa annectens). The oryx gets on well with the zebra, and they used to come in big herds to the dried-up river-beds to drink. The long, frail, backward-bent horns often were outlined against the sky for all the world like two enormous tentacles. When seen in profile these horns cover each other perfectly, so that the creature seems to have but one horn. Hence arose the scarcely tenable theory that the oryx had been the origin of the unicorn of mythology. . . . GRANT'S GAZELLE (Gazella Granti) is considered the most graceful of all African animals. The lithe, well-proportioned body, with its white markings on the hind-

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UNAWARE OF HUMAN PRESENCE: A group of Grant's Gazelle and Oryx caught, after an exhibition of infinite patience by the photographer. The former animal has a fantastic turn of speed and is strikingly graceful

BEASTS: Grant's Gazelle

STRIPES OF THE VELD: Zebra keep a sharp look-out for lion as they approach the water-hole

quarters, the delicate, powerful legs, the daintily bent, shining black horns, the upstanding ears, and the gentle, brown, intelligent eyes—all contribute to make this animal a delight to the eye. They like best to stay in some dry river-bed. In order to get at moisture in the ground they used to dig little holes with their sharp fore-hoofs and thrust down their muzzles to lick up the few drops of water that might ooze out. For the country otherwise was burned brown and dry. They are not fond of mingling with other animals, keeping mainly by themselves. But among themselves they quarrelled often enough . . . THE WHITE-BEARDED GNU, OR WILDEBEEST (Connochaetes taurinus albojubatus) doubtless is one of the ugliest of African antelopes. The tail is like that of a horse. The gnu often said to resemble a horse with cleft hoofs and with the head of a bull. At long range they look almost like small-sized buffaloes. The main and wide-spread horns gives them a hideous, almost terrifying appearance. Being playful and curious, they often come forward in long leaps, only to stop with necks outstretched, at a safe and proper distance to stare at the two-legged intruders. —*From "Wild African Animals I Have Known," by Prince William of Sweden.*

WHOEVER sent this case has done his good deed for Christmas Day; done it, too, with more than the average understanding. And the trouble he's saved himself! No wrapping, no packing, the whole thing was ready for sending He just walked into the shop and gave the address.

If a man drinks at all, he will drink whisky. Even if he doesn't, his friends will—and you have given him something which contributes to the hospitality he can offer to the people he likes. And if someone else happens to send a case as well, it'll keep (or not, as his friends may decide).

You should give

JOHNNIE WALKER

this Christmas

Wine Merchants and Licensed Dealers have these specially decorated Christmas Cases ready packed with two, three, six or twelve bottles in them. They do not charge for the cases.

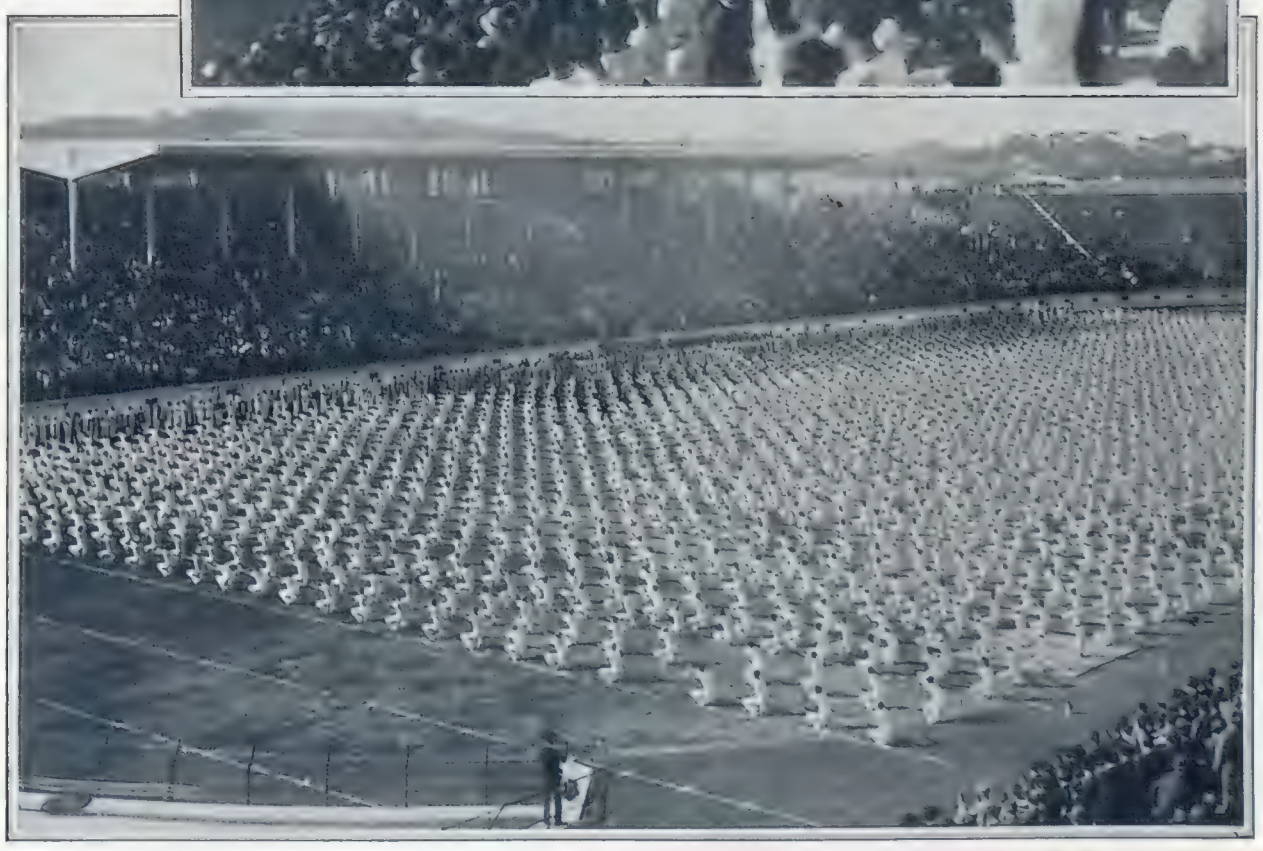
PICTURES *from* ITALY

With Notes by E. G. Mandeville Roe

POLICE AND A.A. SCOUTS IN ONE: Members of the new Italian motor-cycle police who are empowered to demand licences and are equipped to give first aid

EXAMINATION: The new motor-cycle road police examine a licence. On the left they are checking a load to see it is not too heavy

"DOPOLAVORO": A graphic presentation of the growth of the membership of the "after work" games organization



ITALY'S GROWING INTEREST IN SPORTS AND ATHLETICS: The great concourse held at the New Fascist Stadium. Inset above is a moment during the first game of La Volata, Italy's newest sport, which is a mixture of Rugby and Soccer, watched by Il Duce

A few years ago sports, as we know them, had no hold in Italy. It is true the Italians had their popular amusements, mostly the fascinating game of boccia, which is a species of bowls. But boccia to-day has become only one among many sports for the Italians, and for this change "Dopolavoro" is responsible. Curiously enough, it was not in connection with sport at all that I first heard of "Dopolavoro." An Italian whom I was visiting pushed his cigarettes towards me and said, "Have a 'Dopolavoro?'"

"Don't you know what 'Dopolavoro' means yet?" he asked with a smile.

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, for one thing it means these cigarettes. They are made of Italian tobacco. You see the box has a picture of a Greek athlete with a discobolus, and the letters O.N.D. That stands for 'Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro,' which means really our national activity after our day's work is done."

Italy, in short, under Fascismo, has organized her leisure, just as she has organized her work. To-day every place of any size has its stadium. "Dopolavoro" has arranged for the betterment of Italians of all classes. Physical training and sport is only one aspect, though a very important one, of what is being done. Art, and other kinds of education, are embraced in the scheme, into which all sorts of people enter with enthusiasm. Since 1926, when the movement had a total membership of 280,584, it has grown to 1,435,156 in 1929. Of these latter 911,143 were manual workers, and 524,013 belonged to what we call the "black-coat class" in England. Such a thing as the "class war" has no place in modern Italy. To-day all, irrespective of social distinction, enter enthusiastically into their "Dopolavoro" activities.

As head of the Fascist National Party, Signor Turati has done a great deal to further the work of "Dopolavoro." He invented what bids fair to become their most popular game. It is called "La Volata," and is a very fast game which owes much to British football. It is played with Association goals and ball, but the manner of playing, while reminiscent of Rugby, is peculiar to the new game. The head office of "Dopolavoro" is at Rome. There the whole mighty business is organized. The new Italy, as a result of this movement, has a sporting spirit of comradeship which can only be described as a revolution of the mind. Every place of any size now has its stadium.

MYSTERIES *of the* AIR

Wing Flutter and Other Matters Aeronautical

By C. G. GREY

Editor of *The Aeroplane*

In the course of a discussion on aviation the other day some knowledgeable person mentioned "wing flutter" or "tail flutter" as a possible cause for certain accidents. Somebody who knows nothing about aviation except that aeroplanes fly, wanted to know what wing flutter was. And then somebody suggested that I should explain it in these columns.

If the Editor liked to let me have a whole issue of THE SPHERE in which to explain the aerodynamics of wing flutter or tail flutter, with the aid of higher mathematics and incomprehensible diagrams, composed by some of the highbrows of aviation it might be done. But I have never yet struck a simple method of explaining in words or pictures what flutter is.

Either one has a gift for visualizing what air does or one has not. It is rather like being able to see colours or being colour-blind. And the worst trouble is that such a number of highly scientific designers have no capacity for "seeing" what the air does. They rely entirely on calculations. And then things break or fall off, or their aeroplanes are uncontrollable, or are very much slower than they ought to be.

The best way I can explain wing flutter is to say that in essence it is the same thing as a flag fluttering in the breeze. If you watch a big flag on a really windy day you will see that the part immediately next the flagstaff waves first to one side of the staff and then to the other side. And this wave which starts next the staff in comparatively slow movements continues all along to the end of the flag, where according to the variations in the gusts of wind the far edge may be waving from side to side or may be apparently simply vibrating very fast. But the point is that the way in which the flag waves comparatively slowly close to the staff is not caused by changes in the direction of the wind but by changes in the pressure on the surface itself. It blows out on one side, which leaves what one may call unscientifically a partial vacuum on the other, and so the fabric of the flag is sucked back so that it bulges out on that side of the flagstaff till the partial vacuum on the other side sucks it back again. And so it goes on alternating.

Now, if you imagine either the wing of an aeroplane or the tail of an aeroplane or any of the control surfaces of an aeroplane as being the part of the flag immediately behind the flagstaff, you can see that much the same kind of thing may happen. And if you start the tip of a wing of an aeroplane fluttering in that way, or if you start the rudder or the elevator fluttering, it is bound to wrench itself off in time.

There are certain tricks of balancing the moving surfaces and certain methods of shaping the wing-tips and so forth by which this kind of flutter can be stopped, because the pressure is kept on one side all the time, and is not allowed to reverse or oscillate. All of which is a frightfully unscientific explanation, but may perhaps help people to understand why wings occasionally come off.

But I would like to point out that such things do not happen when an aeroplane is flying normally. They only happen when the machine is either diving out of control or is forced into a dive on purpose by those gallant test-pilots whose job it is to break machines in the air just to see what they will stand, and then step out with a parachute. Quite definitely wing flutter does not happen in modern aeroplanes at normal flying speeds.

WHERE COMPARISON IS ODIOUS—FOR THE ECLIPSED! An ordinary 24-h.p. motor-car and a landing-wheel of the new giant forty-seater type of Handley-Page 'plane to be put into service on the Imperial Airways route between London and Paris

Another subject that seems to be exciting interest at the moment is the use of amphibian aeroplanes. This type of vehicle has been brought into prominence lately by the fact that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales flew from Hendon to Calshot the other day in an amphibian and alighted in Southampton Water to pay a visit to the great German *Do X*.

The amphibian aeroplane is a craft which would have immense popularity but for the fact that it is almost bound to be a good deal heavier than either a flying-boat or a land-going aeroplane of similar type. If you take an ordinary flying-boat and put wheels and landing gear on it the machine is just that much heavier—plus the fact that probably the structure of the hull has to be strengthened up to take the shock of the landing gear. If you take an ordinary aeroplane and put floats on it, the machine is heavier than it is with wheels anyhow, and then if you put landing wheels on to or inside the floats as has been done in many types, then your under-carriage has the weight of floats plus wheels.

But for those who do not mind paying for the fun of having an amphibian it really is very good value. There is hardly any part of the world where you could not journey comfortably by air with an amphibian. For example, flying across Canada from Montreal to Winnipeg a flying-boat or a float seaplane is a much more useful vehicle than a wheeled machine, because there are so few open spaces on to which an aeroplane with wheels can be put, and there are any quantity of lakes, big and little, where a water-plane can alight. When once you get west of Winnipeg for miles and miles there is hardly a piece of water big enough to wet your feet. And when you get high up in the Rockies west of that, alighting places of any kind are scarce, but in case of engine failure there are places where you could get a float machine or a boat down on the snow, where with wheels you would certainly turn over. Also there are lakes up in the mountains where you could put a water-plane down.

Even in England the number of lakes where an amphibian could be put down and got off again comfortably are enormous. Somehow one does not see them as a rule from railways or from main roads. But there are quite large lakes in various parts of the country of which nobody ever hears in the ordinary way. Consequently, taking in harbours and rivers as well, anybody touring England with an amphibian has a much wider choice of alighting places than has anybody in an ordinary machine on wheels.

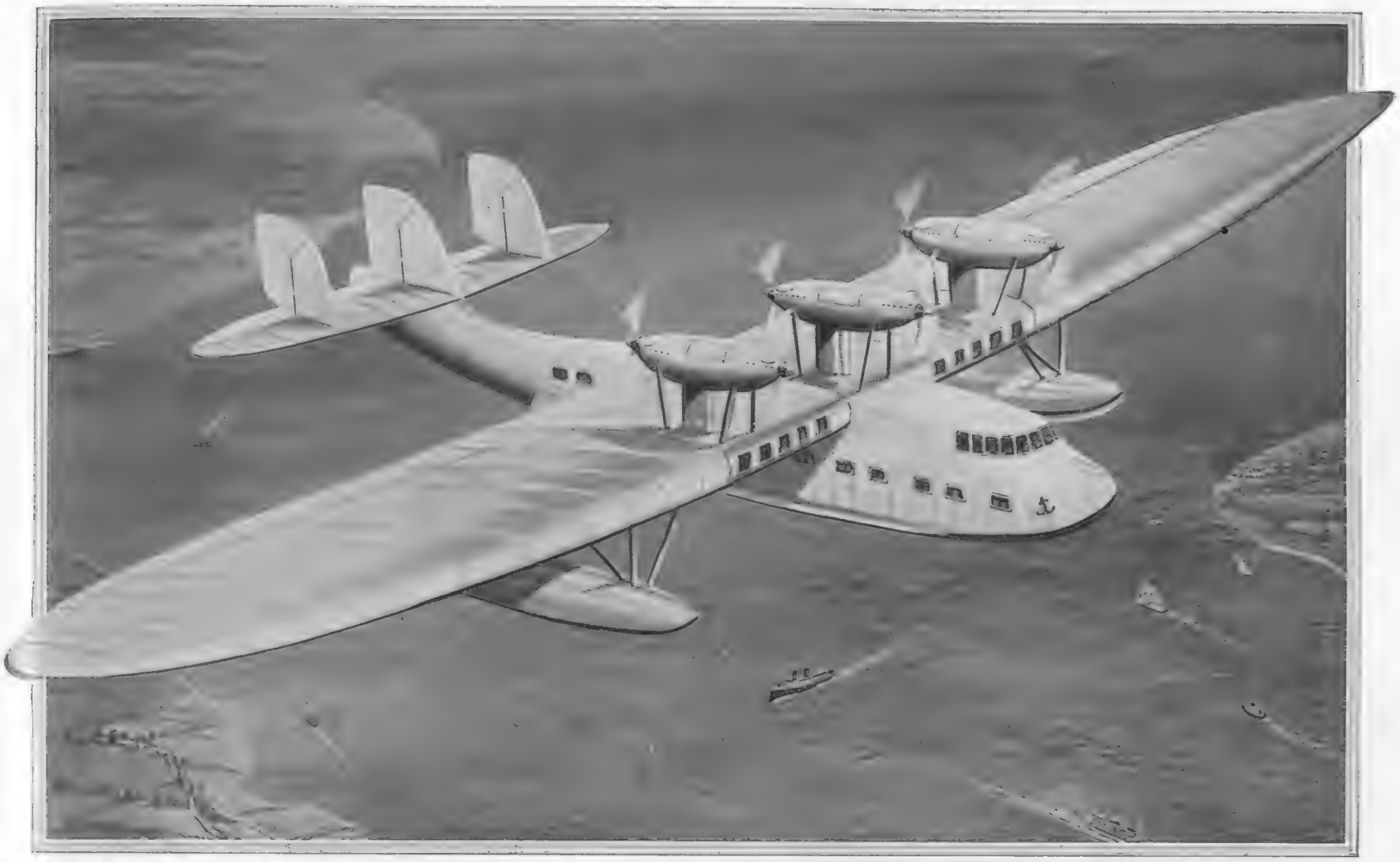
Probably some day somebody will find a satisfactory method of making the hulls of flying-boats lighter and of producing still lighter landing gear for wheels, and then we may have a satisfactory amphibian—and a good selling proposition.

THE HELIO-GYRO-COPTER: The strange craft combining the principles of the gyroscope, the helicopter, and the aeroplane, nearing completion in California, where the inventor, who is seen in the picture, will make the first test of the new 'plane. Centrifugal force, combined with gliding vanes and a gyroscopic rim, distinguish the craft, which is called the "Helio-Gyro-Copter"

ENSURING LOW SPEED AND HORIZONTAL DESCENT: The remarkable aeroplane invented by Messrs. R. F. and J. Grainger of Long Eaton, Notts, who are members of the Nottingham Flying Club—at the Nottingham Municipal Aerodrome where it underwent its flying tests. The machine, which has taken two years to design and build, has no tail elevators, their elimination being compensated for by large ailerons which also provide lateral control. The first flight of twenty-five minutes' duration has been highly successful, and proves the monoplane to be capable of lower speeds than the conventional design, while its structure ensures a horizontal descent when out of control

BRITAIN'S NEW GIANT AEROPLANES

Handley-Page Air Liners and the Super-marine Amphibian



An Amphibian Monster: *The gigantic six-engined metal constructed monoplane flying-boat, driven by six Rolls-Royce engines, made by Vickers, Ltd. (the Super-marine Aviation Works, Limited), at their works at Woolston, Southampton*

Britain's New Giant of the Air: *The first of the eight forty-seater Handley-Page air liners for Imperial Airways Empire services was tested for the first time in the air at Radlett aerodrome last week. These will be the largest aircraft in the world flying on regular passenger routes. Driven by four engines developing over 2,000 h.p. these wonderful all-British 'planes represent the last word in air travel. They are fitted with safety Handley-Page slots*

The huge monoplane flying-boat seen in the upper picture is one of the most stupendous machines ever constructed. It has a wing span of 174 ft., an over-all length of 107 ft. and a maximum height from the water level of 32 ft. It can carry 40 passengers and has sleeping accommodation for half that number. Its six engines develop 5,400-h.p. and it has a flying-speed of 145 m.p.h. with a range of 1,300 miles. For a 6-hour flight, the machine can carry a paying load of 16,000 lb.

THE "CREATION" OF A BACKWATER: A scene built in the British International Pictures Studio for a film in which Miss Peggy Ward played the lead

HOLLYWOOD *in* HERTFORDSHIRE

A Visit Paid to Elstree by W. HOLT-WHITE

Whose bold brain conceived the idea of building the new Jerusalem of the films—England's own Hollywood—in Hertfordshire's green and pleasant land?

As you reach the summit of the hill which runs from Shenley to Elstree, the Film City lies in the valley before you. Its vast buildings—tall as churches—tower above the surrounding belt of trees of Bearwood. From that distance the place suggests giant hangars built for super-airships.

Such is this Hertfordshire home of the talkies, bi-lingual and tri-lingual. For at Elstree they at times make films in three languages. And that is an achievement which not even Hollywood has attempted up to now.

Opposite the entrance to the studio is a rail-guarded ditch in which nettles grow. Against that rail people lean and wait for the motor-bus which thunders down the roadway every hour. And as they lean and wait they will be intrigued, and at times wonder, and at times laugh. For it is from this rail that the people of the country-side get a piquant peep into film land.

It is all so unusual. There is a guard-house to the normally closed gate which leads to the straight sweep of drive from the main road to the studio. At the guard-house is a sentry—a smart commissionaire. And if there is a more incongruous sight than a smart commissionaire on duty in a country road, then it can only be a South Downs shepherd, crook and all, wandering down the Strand.

Just within the gate there is a covered parking-ground stuffed as full of cars of every make as the garage of an American country club.

On the last warm day of autumn I walked past acres of green lawn. In these sophisticated days one does not rub one's eyes or I might have rubbed mine, wondering whether I had strayed into some exotic Lansbury dream.

For the green velvet lawn was dotted with white shapes. Nymphs. Nymphs most obviously enjoying the sun. But by no means classical nymphs. Far from it. Decidedly futuristic nymphs. They wore fantastic, horned head-dresses and considering the weather the scantiest of clothing. And they lolled luxuriously in the warm sunshine. Some of these neo-naiads sat up in cross-legged loveliness and made up their pretty faces with the aid of little mirrors from mundane handbags—a great green lawn spangled with flower beds of white legs.

Down the road rushed a charabanc packed with factory girls and at the sight of this garden of white legs a great hubbub arose from the charabanc. Cheers and jeers; wild catcalls and savage high-pitched laughter. In their hurtling glimpse of this vision of seeming abandon, the car-load of maiden democracy was inclined to be riotously shocked. I hurried on in much the same spirit as that in which Ulysses endeavoured to shun the sirens, only, I trust, more successfully. But Ulysses would have paused more speedily than I at the sight I encountered next.

Down the path came strolling a vision "divinely tall and most divinely fair." A vision in trousers—trousers of shimmering silver silk that clung tightly to her shapely limbs.

For the rest, her slim and graceful body, tinted a strange shade of ochre, was embraced by a flimsy affair which I have gathered from the advertisements in the women's journals is known as a "brassière." Her head was crowned with an aureole of fluffy flaxen hair. Obviously she was the queen of the neo-naiads.

She raised a long, bare slender arm and pointed with a crimson-tipped forefinger and laughed. I followed the line indicated by her pointed finger and started.

I plunged for the main entrance. There, above a wire basket hung the grim order—"Park your cigarettes here."

Humbly I "parked" mine.

Fresh from the sunshine outside the dim interior of the great building was suggestive of Cimmerian gloom. One might, indeed, have been beyond the Styx, for in the shadows there passed by figures from historic ages, Roman gentlemen in togas, noblemen from medieval Venice; Russians hurled, perhaps, to limbo by Ivan the Terrible; fair slaves from ancient Greece. Or perhaps the place was some Einstein shade ruled by relativity, for there were figures of the present day, such as the pleasant friendly aspect of Donald Clayton Calthrop, complete with brown beard, and figures of the future—highly futuristic dancing girls of a generation which in mere time is yet unborn.

Upstairs in Mr. Walter Mycroft's own haven an air of severe practicality reigned. Mycroft is scenario director, and Mycroft is methodical. Neat young women typing. Neat young men gravely scanning files. And along the walls shelves packed with books, biographies, novels, and plays. Books and plays out of date and up to date—a library in which Mycroft's staff browse hunting what may be best turned into films, for Mycroft knows that inspiration may come from anywhere.

It was he, sitting there while the telephone bells rang and the typewriter clicked, who summed up for me the achievements of British International Pictures up to date. It is a good live record for two years' work. And British International means what it says—it is both British and International. So far as its Executive goes it is purely British from the Chairman, John Maxwell, and the Managing Director, J. A. Thorpe, down to the property man. But the scheme was Maxwell's. He is, so to speak, the Joe Schenk of British International.

"And now," says Mycroft, with the complacent smile of one who looks forward to a certain pleasure, "let us go on the floor."

We go—through a little doorway at the end of the passage which leads to a platform at the top of a flight of steps. And there I pause, for, saving the Crystal Palace, this is the vastest space under cover that I have ever seen.

It it an odd blending of Gargantua and Lilliput. We pass through a forest of looming scenery and towering "props." At the far end of the building is a proscenium—large as the proscenium at Drury Lane—and a real stage; but the stage is still so far distant that the players standing idly on it look Lilliputian.

We pass a handsome, melancholy young man in perfect evening dress, who is plying his nose with a powder puff while he practises a sort of double-shuffle dance.

An unexpected whistle shrills. Mycroft seizes my arm in a steely grip and brings me to a standstill. "Shssssh!" he hisses into my ear like a sibilant viper.

They are about to do a snatch of "talkie," and all is still as death. But only for a moment. Then Bedlam is unloosed. A blare of canned music on the stage, the sun-bathing naiads of half-an-hour ago are clattering their high-heeled dancing shoes. In front of them leaps and bounds the fantastic figure of a man in sky-blue satin with a tie larger than the Mad Hatter's in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Up in a box a man and a woman in evening dress are applauding their crazy performance.

Enter behind them, two men also in evening dress. Crooks! They want the heroine's diamonds. Stout resistance is offered. Then, hey presto! the leaping figure in blue satin has jumped on to a trapeze and swings into the box. And then the fight is good indeed. Pistol shots, flashing arms, shouts and grunts, a mêlée of battling men. For it seems that the figure in blue satin is really a detective who has hit upon this method of foiling the crooks. Foiled, too, they are. You bet they are.

Three men hobbling on sticks across the vast floor of the studio stop and shout "Goot! goot!" They are members of the cast of the German version who went through the performance yesterday, and so realistically that the scars of battle are still upon them. This talkie business can be "rough stuff" at times.

And now we are in still another studio, with an acre or so of floor space. It is a maze of "sets," scenery props, camera boxes, sound boxes, lamps, electric coils, resistances, and wires.

In a tiny corner of this littered immensity, surrounded by an anxious semi-circle of producers, assistant producers, secretaries with note books, property men, and the like, a pale young woman is languidly lolling against the pillows of a highly ornate bed.

She is half supported by the arm of a pale and earnest young man. Seated on the bed and on chairs about the bed are other young people, their yellow-ochred faces unpleasantly pale in the glare of the sun arcs.

These, it seems, are the "Children of Chance"—the German actors in the German version of the talkie of which this particular scene had already been shot in English earlier in the morning.

For it should be explained that in the talkies the actors of the different nationalities—English, French, and German follow each other in succession into the different sets. The sets remain the same; it is the actors and the languages which are different.

Another shrill whistle, and again there falls that peculiar strained silence.

A single sharp staccato note from a clapper-board announces the ending of that scene. The camera-men report from their sound-proof boxes that the taking has been good, but a telephonic communication from the central bureau, that silent, secret place from which every sound that is uttered is listened to, controlled, and reported on, announces that there has been a slur in one of the speeches.

They must begin again. The pale young woman on the bed yawns and stretches, but there is no ill-humour. All the cast is used to repetition after repetition. In the making of talkies it is only repetition that makes perfect. They are lucky if they make in a day as much film as will take five minutes to show upon the screen.

So they begin afresh, and we leave them treading with steps that sound guiltily in the enforced silence, and go towards the central control bureau which is stationed far away down the studio.

Softly we climb the steep steps to this conning tower. As silently as we may we slip into the room which is padded six inches thick with powdered glass held within canvas walls. Powdered glass, it seems, is the greatest noise-destroyer which the wit of man has yet found.

From here through thick glass panels one can just see across the tops of the sound-proof camera boxes the re-enacting of the little scene which we have just witnessed. So small is the space occupied by the scene in the vast studio that it gleams only like some point of light in which minute figures fractionally move and from whom no sound comes.

No sound, that is, except that which comes over the wires. Silently the captain of the conning tower hands me a telephone receiver.

The voice of the pale young woman on the distant bed comes a little shrilly. The commander of the conning tower moves a lever over softly. Instantly her voice is modulated.

It is here, indeed, that by these levers and switches all sounds are controlled. It is this man bending over the switchboard, listening in so intently, who makes or mars the voice which will ultimately come back to one from the screen. His ear must be perfect, his judgment unerring. He plays with those levers and those switches as an organist plays with the stops of an organ. He can let loose thunder or reduce the emitment of sound to the sweetness of the *vox humana*.

And now, freed from the seemingly endless dim stretches of these acres of buildings we are out again in the blinding sunshine.

"I guess," says Mycroft pleasantly, "that we have walked a mile or two." We have.

So we cross the main sunlit avenue to the café within the grounds in which, between whiles, the artists may rest and refresh themselves.

And there, one leg encased in shimmering silver silk crossed over the other, sits Muriel Angelus eating an ice—vanilla. Opposite is Charlotte Sousa, one leg encased in shimmering silver silk crossed over the other, eating an ice—strawberry.

At Elstree the British films are international. So are the British ice creams.

"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER" sings at DALY'S

And Other Interesting Theatrical Pictures from the Current Shows

THE SUBSTITUTES: Miss Ivy Tresmand, the daughter of an impoverished squire, goes to Biarritz to make her fortune and impersonates, for the most honourable motives, a Russian star. Mr. Gene Gerrard, a wireless announcer, impersonates the drummer in the hotel band—an incident of priceless humour

WHEN THE WORLD CAN HEAR: The scene in the B.B.C. studio, when four lugubrious singers (on left) contribute to the gaiety of the proceedings. Mr. Gene Gerrard is at the microphone and two other singers on the right

MARRIAGE A LA MODE: Mr. Glen Byam Shaw and Miss Angela Baddeley in the revival of the brilliant Dryden Comedy which peregrinated Westward from the Lyric Hammersmith, to the Royalty

THE STARS OF "NIPPY": Mr. Clifford Mollison and Miss Binnie Hale in the musical comedy at the Prince Edward. Above—Father and Daughter; Mr. Alfred Wellesley and Miss Ivy Tresmand at Daly's

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

The GOLDEN CHERSONESE

The Beauty of the Malay States

By PHILIP C. COOTE

Steaming out East of Suez may become an interminable experience. The flying fish have ceased to interest; you have seen enough of sharks; playing porpoises pall; and your best friends are getting "edgy." That endless voyage down the Indian Ocean from the Red Sea and the lesser evil which lies between Colombo and Penang contrive to stimulate a yearning for *terra firma* once again and, if you do not happen to have travelled East before, a desire to gain some knowledge of the Orient other than that of a few hours at Colombo.

So leave the boat at Penang and train or motor down the Malay Peninsula to Singapore, rejoining the ship there. Malaya is one of the most beautiful countries in the world; its people are diverse in their colours and language; the trains are comfortable and well-equipped; and the roads, if it is a case of motoring, are good.

From the island of Penang there is a ferry to the mainland at Prai (for the train) or Butterworth (if you are to motor). Down the centre of the peninsula runs a range of mountains covered for the most part with virgin jungle. After a short journey Province Wellesley, is left for Perak. By the roads are *padi* (wet rice) fields which are attended by the Malays with a care which almost borders on reverence, for every grain of this precious cereal is inhabited by a "rice-spirit."

More prosaic, but probably more valuable to the country as a whole, are the seemingly endless rows of rubber trees, planted with geometrical precision, which form the main feature of the scenery from one end of the country to the other. Tapping the trees is performed in the early morning when the latex flows most freely, and one must be an early riser to see this work done.

A JOHORE BAHRU: The new mosque in this fascinating settlement

The first town of any size is Taiping, which is oddly named, for Taiping means in Chinese "Everlasting Peace." Nowadays the name is good enough, and it is difficult to believe that in earlier days fierce faction fights took place between the Chinese for the possession of the valuable tin-bearing land.

Taiping, the seat of the British Resident for many years, has been regarded as the European capital of Perak, but recently that honour has been transferred to Ipoh.

Whether by road or rail, the journey over the Taiping Pass to Kuala Kangsar, the Malay capital with its *istana* (palace) mosques, must be regarded as one of the most beautiful sights in Malaya. The jungle-covered mountains on one side and the views of the Straits of Malacca are both majestic and charming. Occasionally there is a picturesque Malay *kampong* (village), with its houses perched on stilts, with its inhabitants, clothed in gay *sarongs* and *bajus*, idly lounging about outside.

Kuala Kangsar is one of the most Malay of Malay towns, and for an insight into Malay habits and customs a sojurn in this delightful little place on the banks of the Perak river is to be recommended.

A pontoon bridge, a perilous-looking affair, crosses the Perak at Enggor, and so through Sungei Siput to the prosperous tin and rubber town of Ipoh, the capital of the Kinta district.

At Kuala Lumpur, which is not only the state capital but also the seat of government of the Federated Malay States, where resides the Chief Secretary at his Olympian "Carcosa," is a magnificent mosque, which is one of the most picturesque in Malaya.

A BEAUTY OF PENANG: The Hindu Temple in Waterfall Road, George Town

After Malacca comes the Unfederated State of Johore in which some of the wildest scenery of the trip will be seen. Much of the road has been only recently completed. Reaching Johore, at Bham, which is the southernmost town of any importance on the mainland of Asia, there is a causeway over the narrow Straits of Tebran to Singapore Island, on which is the town of that name. Being the seat of Government of the Straits Settlements and the home of that exalted personage, His Excellency the Governor (who, incidentally, combines these duties with those of being High Commissioner of the Federated Malay States). Singapore is a place of considerable importance.

A century and ten years ago it was an unimportant and unheard of island; then Stamford Raffles, with amazing vision, galvanized it into life with wonderful results. It is a hive of industry and a monument to British enterprise, and at this City of the Lion the boat will again be picked up and the voyage eastward continued.

While in Malaya the visitor must sample two at least of her products. The mangosteen, is one, and the much-maligned durian is the other.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

The CITY set in PINES

A Justified Tribute to Bournemouth

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Few places on the South Coast can make the appeal to the autumn and winter holiday-maker that Bournemouth does. It has had a wonderful history, for a hundred years ago, where the town stands to-day, there were but a few fishermen's hovels hidden away on the slopes of the valley which runs inland from the pier approach in a northerly and north-westerly direction for a couple of miles or more. In this valley nowadays have been formed delightful gardens in which flowers bloom in profusion almost all the year round and, such is the mildness of the climate, semi-tropical foliage and trees flourish.

A FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOT: Durley Chine, Bournemouth, one of the loveliest in the resort

To-day what a contrast! A town of approaching 120,000 inhabitants and with well-kept roads, magnificent open spaces, fine houses on the East and West cliff, and in the neighbourhood of Meyrick and Dean Parks, an unrivalled hotel, boarding house and apartment-house accommodation for visitors of all classes. And the possession of an hotel, the Royal Bath, which possesses many historic associations and has had beneath its roof at various times a wonderful succession of Royal and other distinguished visitors from all parts of the world, and directly attached to it, an art gallery and museum of distinction.

The attractions of Bournemouth impose upon the town the responsibility of providing all kinds of amusements for the visitors who flock to it, in addition to preserving so far as possible the natural beauties of the place. Are you a golfer? Then there are for you two fine golf courses, one within a few minutes of the centre of the town in Meyrick Park, and the other within a few minutes tram or car ride.

Tennis players, too, both winter and summer have not been neglected, for their use more than sixty hard and grass courts in various parts of the town have been provided, in every case situated amidst delightful surroundings. And for those who pin their faith to less strenuous forms of exercise there are several bowling-greens and putting-greens.

In the neighbourhood are quite a number of famous golf courses, within a radius of twenty miles.

Bournemouth, too, is excellent for hunting folk, as several well-known packs of hounds meet in the neighbourhood, including the South Dorset foxhounds, Lord Portman's, and the New Forest hounds.

As a motoring and rambling centre, and the latter is important now walking has become so popular a recreation, Bournemouth can claim to possess attractions to be found at few resorts. Surrounded by a beautiful and interesting countryside ramblers will find many opportunities for excursions afoot. To the east are the outskirts of the New Forest.

It must not, however, be thought that Bournemouth depends for its lure upon out-door amusements, although these from its climate can be pursued through the winter months with greater regularity than is the case at many other resorts.

Of indoor amusements Bournemouth has no lack. First and foremost as an amusement centre must be mentioned the fine new Pavilion, in which the far-famed Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra performs, and where concerts and other entertainments take place every day throughout the year.

The Pavilion not only provides excellent music but has a wonderful tea lounge and dance hall, from the windows of which there is a beautiful panorama of the bay.

The restaurant and tea-rooms of the pavilion are some of the best to be found out of London. Bournemouth has had a long theatrical history for it is many years ago since the Theatre Royal was built in the centre of the town, at which most popular London successes have been performed by the original or A 1 companies in an unbroken chain.

THE CENTRE OF BOURNEMOUTH'S AMUSEMENT: The famous pavilion

At Boscombe, those who like the lighter form of theatrical entertainment such as revues, variety entertainments, and dramas, can indulge their tastes at the Hippodrome, a thoroughly up-to-date and commodious theatre easily reached from all parts of the town.

Cinemas are as numerous as in most large towns, and at the best of these the newest and the most striking talkies are produced almost simultaneously with the London showing of these films.

Dancing naturally plays a great part in the life of the town, and there are numerous facilities for the pastime at the well-known King's Hall, several other dance-halls, and at the leading hotels.

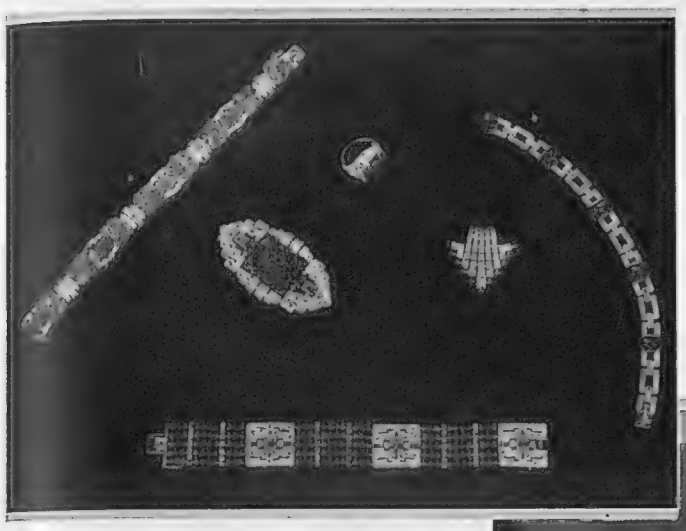
The needs of ice-skaters have not been neglected, and a fine ice rink is nearing completion and will be opened for use in a few weeks' time.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE WEEKLY SECTION INCORPORATING MANY SUBJECTS DEAR TO THE FEMININE HEART WILL FOR THIS WEEK AND NEXT WEEK BE DEVOTED TO SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

JEWELS *of the* FIRST WATER

Pictures in "The World of Women" by Millar and Harris



Carved rubies and diamonds are united in the dainty bracelet on the left, while that on the right is of cabochon rubies and diamonds, and that below of ruby beads and diamonds. A cabochon ruby and diamond ring, a cabochon ruby and diamond brooch, and a ruby bead and diamond clip complete a representative selection of William Ogden's lovely jewellery

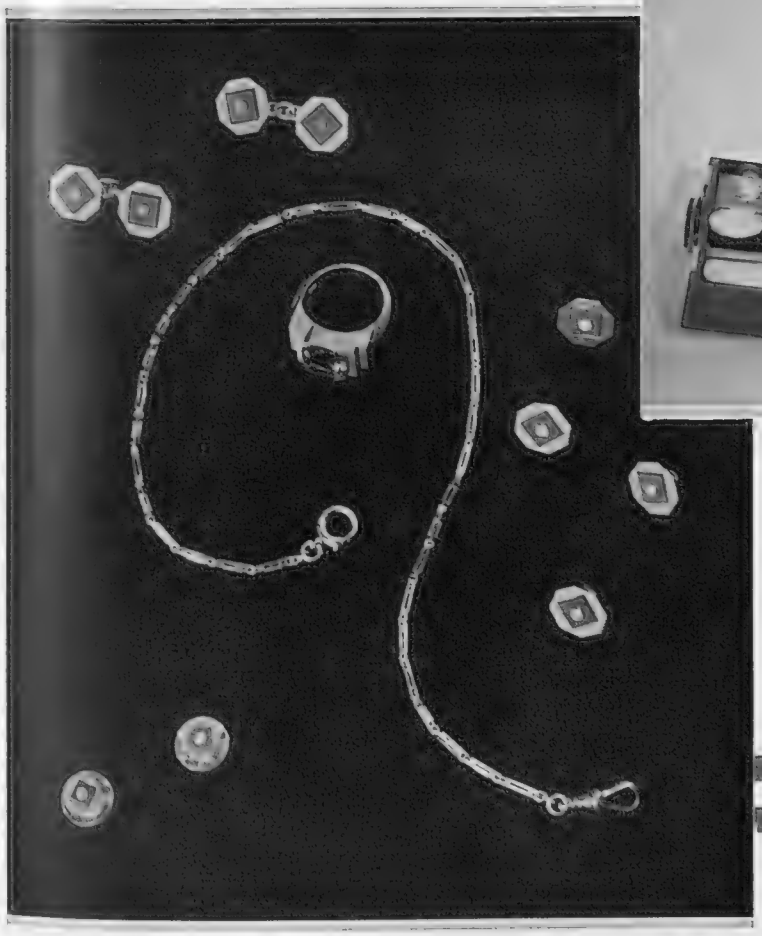
Here a diamond necklace set in platinum, an emerald necklace with a diamond clasp, a carved emerald and diamond brooch, an all-diamond watch-clip, and a diamond watch on a moiré strap, give some idea of the exquisite jewellery for which James R. Ogden is responsible

At this season we are all faced with the annual problem of choosing Christmas presents, and in order to assist our readers to make up their minds on this vital point we have made a selection of gifts at varying prices to suit the taste and purses of all.

The exquisite jewellery on this page could not fail to please the most spoilt and pampered daughter of Eve, and Lorelei proved herself a person of no mean intellect (whatever her ethics) when she said that "a diamond bracelet lasts for ever." For those who cannot afford to convey greetings and goodwill in so lavish a manner there are many further suggestions on the following pages which, if we succeed in our mission, will help to fill many blanks in the shopping lists of those whose ideas have given out, and will also, we hope, be of assistance to those of our country readers who are obliged to do much of their shopping by post. Something for her home will nearly always please a woman, so in addition to gifts of a more personal nature we have included a selection of articles that will help to add to its beauty and comfort.

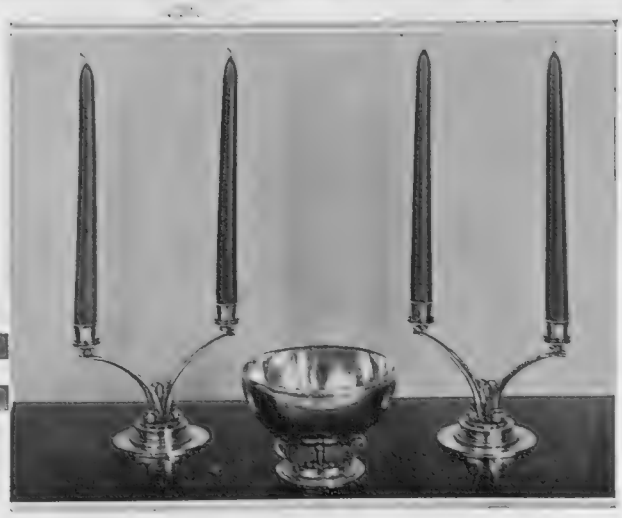
Choosing presents for men is perhaps the most difficult task of all, so we have devoted a whole page (page 421) to presents that will appeal to the masculine mind. There are some gifts which cannot be too freely duplicated, and amongst these whisky and cigarettes must certainly be included, being two essentials for the entertainment of others, which is one of the main characteristics of the spirit of Christmas. They are always a safe choice in cases where we dare not let our feminine love of colour run riot in choosing wearing apparel for the he-man.

On left—A wonderful diamond and emerald pendant and chain are illustrated in this picture together with two diamond bracelets to the right and a diamond link bracelet to the left, whilst an attractive diamond and emerald brooch with a diamond sapphire and emerald ring are shown in the same group. Jewellery by Mauboussin



A set of links, buttons, and studs, of lapis lazuli, diamonds, and platinum, which, although scattered in some disorder in the above picture, may be obtained in neat cases for presentation purposes. The signet ring is a beautiful amethyst in an original gold setting and the albert is of platinum and gold. All are obtainable from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Travellers will appreciate this Utility Compact dressing case. The toilet articles are contained in a folding case which fits in like a tray, and which can be removed and carried separately, leaving the case empty for other requisites, in pigskin or morocco, with fittings of ivory and silver gilt, lacquer, or tortoiseshell. From Cartier



Silver candlesticks and an attractive fruit or flower bowl in the same design form a pleasing group, and are characteristic examples of the excellent workmanship of Georg Jensen

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

GIFTS *to* PLEASE THE *fairer* SEX

(1) The white kid gloves on the left have fancy cuffs in various colours, price 18s. 6d. *Right*—the newest evening gloves in rose beige with appliquéd gold skin, price 49s. 9d. Both come from Galeries Lafayette

(2) The Britannic watch bracelet is obtainable from all leading jewellers; the attractive bottle containing Roger and Gallet's latest creation—Pourpre d'Orient, costs 52s. 6d.; and the sheath necklaces from Swan and Edgar's vary in price from 5s. to 32s. 6d.

(3) The painted lamp-stand and shade costs 32s. 6d.; the ship book-ends, 27s. 6d.; the biscuit-tin with floral decorations, 25s. 9d.; the night-dress sachet, 55s.; and the cushion in rayon satin, 29s. 6d. All from Debenham and Freebody's

(4) This "Boudoir Casket" contains three trays filled with 2 lb. of Mackintosh's delicious chocolates and costs 12s.

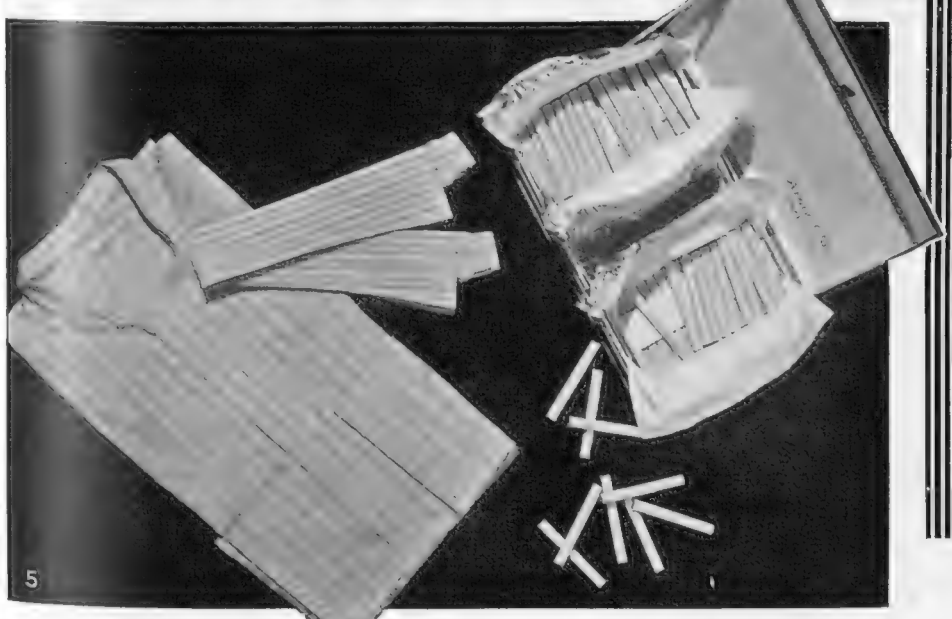
(5) The delicate and smooth flavour of Spinet Oval cigarettes (cork-tipped) makes them an ideal gift for the woman smoker. Packed in special fancy boxes, or in their usual form, as here, they cost 6s. a 100

(6) The clock on the left is of red enamel and gilt; that above, chromium-plated with a marbrola base, retails at £8 15s., and the one below, with square chromium-plated frame, at £3 10s. All from Mappin and Webb. The hand-bags come from Harvey Nichols'. That in black and white wool chenille costs 39s. 6d.; the envelope-shaped morocco, 89s. 6d.; that with real Beauvais embroidery, 39s. 6d.; and the evening bag, hand-beaded on sterling silver, is priced at 9½ guineas

(7) The Bohemian Porcelain Eagle at 50s. comes from Liberty's. Fine sheer linen handkerchiefs are suggested by Robinson and Cleaver; one with a lace border costs 3s. 3d., another with a hand-appliquéd flower design, 2s. 6d., and the third, with drawn thread-work and hand-appliquéd costs 3s. 3d. The crystal spray containing honeysuckle perfume comes from Floris', price £1 1s., as does the blue-tinted powder bowl at 31s. 6d., and the bath-salts bowl at 42s.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (Continued)

FOR *the* MERE MALE



(1) A group of practical gifts comprises a Wilkinson Sword Razor, complete with two hollow-ground blades and strop, in case, from 7s. 6d.; an enamel electric torch, price 6s. 6d., and an Ever Ready Chronos clock (from £1 10s.) wherein the usual dial is displaced by sets of imitation ivory leaves with clearly-marked figures which are mechanically operated to record the hours and minutes. The ties, made from an uncreasable weave, are supplied by T. M. Lewin. "Colours" are made to order or supplied from stock. Price, from 6s. 6d. each

(2) Van Harding shirts, with button-on Van Heusen semi-stiff collars and detachable cuffs, are a welcome gift. The familiar White Label whisky may come to us this Christmas in quaint Doulton-ware flagons, as shown in the illustration.

(3) A desk set with a charming statuette contains a Swan Fountain pen and is sold at £4 12s. 6d. Accompanying it is a special casket containing 150 State Express cigarettes — designed to hold refills of everyday packings. Price, 13s. 6d. per 150

(4) Special cases for Christmas containing one, two, three, or six bottles of Grant's "Stand Fast" whisky are shown in the picture above. Cabinets in blue leather or gold containing an assortment of Abdulla cigarettes at current prices is another Christmas suggestion, while to the really practical-minded, greetings might be sent with this dress scarf of silk crêpe at 25s. 6d. (35s. 6d. with embroidered initial), with sealskin bedroom slippers at 21s., or with wool-lined gloves at 10s. 6d. The last three articles come from Austin Reed's

(5) Hosiery is always a popular gift, especially "Tricoline" shirts, which have a delicate silkiness. An attractive cabinet containing the much-favoured Army Club cigarettes at 4s. 4d. per 100 is also shown in the illustration

(6) The Pathéscope projector at £6 embodies all the principles of professional motion-picture projectors. More expensive is the Filmo projector at £85 which, in addition to showing black and white pictures, is fully equipped to give natural coloured ones. Both are to be seen at Wallace Heaton, Limited. A gift of "Vat 69" whisky conjures up the very spirit of Christmas

A Christmas GARLAND —of BOOKS

Woven by a Good-natured Man

If there is one place in which I should not like to work in the last two weeks before Christmas it is in a bookseller's shop. It is nice to browse there, to look at books one has no intention of buying, to hesitate over those one really must buy, and, in the embarassment of riches, to cut one's list down to the last half-dozen. I enjoy giving books as presents at Christmas because, to be quite candid, I buy them several weeks before I send them out, so that I can read them! And why not? If I find my choice unlucky there is time to take the book back, for a really good bookseller is the most accommodating creature. That is where books are better than bottles as presents. You can't send back a half-bottle of Rudescheimer that hasn't lived up to its label.

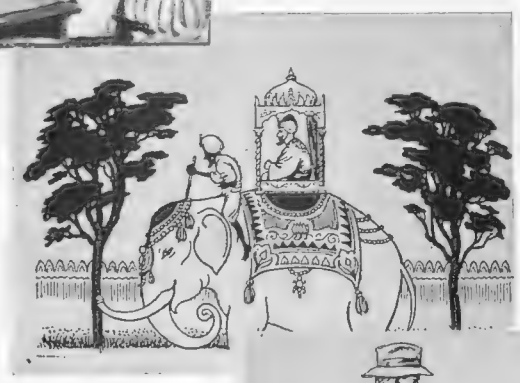
But to return to the bookseller's shop. I would not like to work in one because I should want to read the books, and I should be most uncivil to customers who interrupted me. Well, here is a room full of Christmas books, and in seclusion and leisure let us take a walk round them. I shall be highbrow, and for a few moments, avuncular, and then for the most part, Father Christmassy; that is, our selection will not be in any way restricted.

I shall send to dear Professor Caleoptera, who has been working for years on a dropped word in the fifth ode of Sappho, *Plotinus on the One and Good* (Medici Society. 21s. net). This is a piece of exquisite printing. It is the fifth volume, so that he can add it to the other volumes with which I have marked the past four years, to his great delight. To his brother, Colonel Caleoptera, I am sending a book that will fill him with joy, and bring forth a flood of reminiscences of those days when too much acid in the blood had not checked adventure in the heart. Radclyffe Dugmore as an explorer and photographer has an established reputation, and here he is in the forests of North America, with a camera and a note-book, wise in the ways of caribou and chipmonk. *In the Heart of the Northern Forests* (Chatto and Windus. 21s. net) will be borrowed from the Colonel by all his sporting friends who know a good sportsman's book when they see it.

EXAMPLE OF A BEAVER'S MISTAKE: An illustration from "In the heart of the Northern Forests," by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (Chatto and Windus. 21s.)

"THE PYTCHLEY": One of the author's drawings to "My Hunting Sketch Book," Vol. II, by Lionel Edwards (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.)

"HENCE AROSE A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE LEARNED MEN": A Spencer Pryse illustration to the Bodley Head's edition of "Tom Jones." (21s.)



"NERVOUS PROSTRATION!" A sketch by Harry G. Theaker to "Tales and Legends from India," by M. Dorothy Belgrave and Hilda Hart (Raphael Tuck. 3s. 6d.)

Beautiful camera work is seen at its best in Mr. Oliver Hill's new book *Jonquil* (Philip Allan. 21s.). His *Pan's Garden* revealed his skill in photography of nude children, and here are the same models, in new and charming poses. If only the woodlands were full of nymphs and sprites such as he finds on a summer's afternoon! Lovers of hounds and horses will like also *My Hunting Sketch Book* by Lionel Edwards (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.). He knows his country well, and on testing him, both as artist and writer, on the South Notts, I find him accurate in tone and fact.

Most of the books I have chosen so far, the last for Colonel Puffin, a hard rider, have cost a guinea. But now I am going to "splash" for Henry, my nephew in Burma. He adores Tom Jones, since he stands for all that is robust old England out in that lax, luscious land. So here goes, thirty-five shillings alas, but well worth it considering type, paper, and illustrations, *The History of Tom Jones*, illustrated by Spencer Pryse (Bodley Head). The same publishers, in the guinea class, have also a *de luxe* edition of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, with illustrations by Sonia Woolf, and a beautiful reprint of John Webster's two plays *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The White Devil*, illustrated by Harry Keen. To an American friend I am sending *Letters of Henry Adams* (Constable. 21s.), the American whose father was Ambassador here, who resided in London during the Civil War, and later, edited the *North American Review*, and Aunt Letitia, who requires nothing to encourage her to sing, will receive Mr. John Murray Gibbons's *Melody and the Lyric* (Dent. 12s. 6d.), because therein she will find some delightful songs, from Chaucer to the Cavaliers, with text and historical notes, that should lead us to a reprieve from the eternal Tosti, to whom we never seem to say "Goodbye."

Uncle George, living in Florence, because he declares he is too poor to live in London, which I doubt, for he has a villa, quite *de lusso*, and drinks the best products of Capri at every meal, will I hope increase his legacy when I send him *An Outline of the History of Painting*, by S. C. Kaines Smith (Medici Society. 21s.). He will not read it, but he will love the magnificent colour illustrations, and he will leave it on his table in a conspicuous place to impress us all with his knowlege of the masters of the quatro-, cinque-, and seicento of which he is always talking. I think, also, the legacy still in mind, I shall add *Modern Pig Sticking*, by Lieut.-General Sir A. E. Wardrop (Macmillan. 15s.), for old time's sake. It is deservedly in the second edition, and it will transport him back to the India of his youth.

"ADVENTURE IN THE EAST" A drawing by C. E. Brock, illustrating a story in "The Book of Adventure and Sport" (Raphael Tuck. 6s.)

"THERE YOU ARE AND THERE YOU SHALL STAY": A picture by C. E. Brock illustrating "The Heroes of Asgard," by A. and E. Keary (Macmillan. 6s. net)

The word Imperial will always start off my old friend, Dr. Stump. Having fought ten unsuccessful elections, he still believes the Empire has lost its best adviser in rejecting him so ignominiously at the polls. In one batch he will receive, therefore, *New Imperial Ideals*, by Robert Stokes (Murray. 10s. 6d.), a plea for Dominion influence, and *Imperial Air Routes*, by Major A. E. W. Salt (Murray. 6s.), which gives us the history of the linking up by air of our dominions and dependencies. The parcel will be levelled off by *The Simon Report on India* (Dent. 2s. 6d.). Mr. John Drinkwater has written a most readable book on *Pepys* (Heinemann) which I shall buy and couple with *Everybody's Boswell* (Bell. 10s. 6d.) illustrated by E. H. Shepard, to send to—no, I shall make myself a present of these. To Jim, at Dartmouth, who thinks he knows all about the King's Navee, I am sending *The Royal Navy*, by Geoffrey Parratt (Sheldon Press. 7s. 6d.), in which he will learn quite a lot that even his expert mind has missed. It contains an admirable outline, down to the Battle of Jutland, and is splendidly illustrated, with a foreword by Vice-Admiral Harper.

We all know Foyles, the bookshop *par excellence*. I have walked miles around its shelves in the last ten years, but yesterday I had a surprise. There is a Foyle Fine Art Gallery which I stumbled upon, with the latest and the oldest of reproductions, and a Foyle service which means that anything you want in the line of pictures will be obtained for you. Really, it becomes more and more difficult to get out of that fascinating shop in Charing Cross Road.

Messrs. Dent always please me with the neatness of their books. They are generally pocketable. Here are four, all at 6s.: *Simple Stories from Punch*, by Archibald Marshall, with delectable Morrow illustrations; *Music Come to Earth*, by Adolf Weissmann, the famous German music critic, who writes entertainingly on all aspects of the concert-room; *A Book of Grace*, being essays and poems by Grace Rhys; and *A Basketful of Memories*, by Thomas Okey.

Professor Okey is, of course, the great Italian scholar whose *Venice* is a classic. In this book we have the varied story of his life, which began seventy-eight years ago in Spitalfields, where he was born, the son of a poor basket-weaver. He left school while a child, educated himself at night classes, and at the age of forty, as the teacher of Italian at Toynbee Hall, began to receive recognition. He has known intimately in his day Shaw, Morris, Annie Besant, and Arnold Toynbee, and later, as Emeritus Professor of Italian at Cambridge, met a wider circle. In his long life of service Professor Okey has seen amazing changes in the social fabric, and he remains an optimist. In 1886 it was possible for a verdict of "starved to death" to be passed upon five persons in London in the winter months. That is quite impossible now, and the professor observes the change as a tribute to the awakened conscience of the British public. This little book will be another present to myself, to stand beside the lovely illustrated edition, *Venice*, by the same author.

A book to provide mirth for the Christmas Party comes from the Bodley Head at eighteenpence. It is a great feast—*The Book of Howlers*, another compilation by H. Cecil Hunt. It is difficult to put this book down if you have a sense of the ridiculous in any way developed. How reasonable it seems that K.C.B. stands for King's Colonial Butcher and R.S.V.P. for The Royal Society of Violin Players, and that a chiropodist is a man who trains birds to sing!

Aunt Harriette and Uncle George are omnivorous novel readers. I think between them they average ten a week. I shall send them a week's supply. The first of the ten is *Wanderer's End* by Dennis Cleugh. Do you know Morton Sales wrappers; they are always worth the price of the book. But in this case there is a melancholy interest attached to *Wanderer's End* (Murray. 7s. 6d.). Dennis Cleugh was the husband of Sophie Cleugh who has added the final two chapters to this novel, his first and his last. He played Shakespeare with a travelling caravan up and down England which provided the material for this charming tale, then went to America and died while acting in Christopher Morley's theatre at Hoboken.

The second novel will be *Time to Stare* (Murray. 7s. 6d.), by Marjorie Booth, the history of the love of Bret for Linda and the clash of two diverse temperaments; the third, a first novel, *The Balance* (Dent. 7s. 6d.), by Ada Harrison, the study of a mother's

(Continued on following page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

affection; the fourth, *Recollections* (Dent. 7s. 6d.), a collection of Rumanian tales; the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth—all from the house of Constable at 7s. 6d. each—*Esmé's Sons*, by A. R. Weekes; *Another Night and Day*, by D. F. Gardiner; *Shatter the Dream*, by Norah C. James, this is to make Auntie feel she is being terribly daring; and *Broad Acres*, the story of Yorkshire village life in the 'eighties. *Barry of Ours* (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.), brings another of the Macaulay family into fiction, with a study of matrimonial adventures. I shall add to the parcel a book that should keep Aunt Harriette quiet for a month, *88 Short Stories*, by Guy de Maupassant (Knopf. 8s. 6d.), a miracle of quantity and quality.

Does anyone read Southey these days? Well, here is a novel by him, *The Doctor* (Bell. 7s. 6d.), which he took years to write, and is something more than a literary curiosity. Though a novel it is a mine of quotations and bookman's lore.

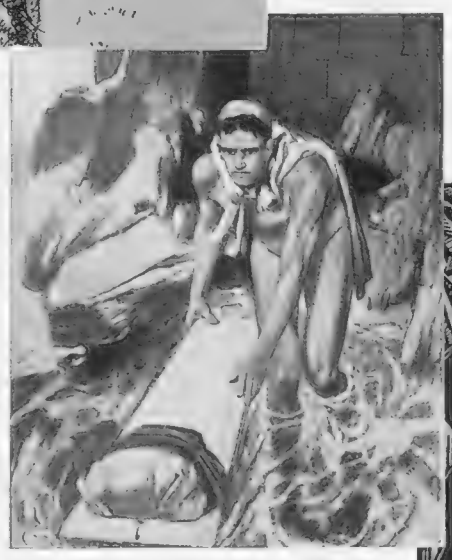
To John, now in the Air Force, I am sending the story of a thrilling escape from behind the German lines *Missing*, by Talbot Baines Bruce (Blackwood. 5s.). Because of a memorable month last summer, I am adding *Travels in Normandy*, by Roy Elston (Bell. 7s. 6d.), to my guide-book bookshelf. It is a practical book, with history, hotels, routes, costs, and is well illustrated. The drama and poetry will round out my selection, and I have chosen *Restoration Verse* (7s. 6d.), an anthology of the best poems written between 1660 and 1715, and Lennox Robinson's new play, *Ever the Twain*, a comedy in three acts.

"CATCH HIM, DAD": A Cecil Aldin pencil sketch to "Jerry," the story of an Exmoor pony by Eleanor E. Helme and Nance Paul (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.)

Mr. G. L. Stampa's dogs are quite irresistible, and so *That Dog of Mine*, with verses by Joe Walker (Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.), will be on the Christmas list, as also *Animals in the Wild and Captivity*, by E.G. Boulanger (Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.). The well-known director of the Aquarium is an authority on animal life. I learn to my amazement from Professor Boulanger that it costs £500 a year to feed a walrus. I shall not keep one this year.

I see the Bodley Head has issued a new edition of an old favourite, *Dream Days*, by Kenneth Grahame (7s. 6d.), which is illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. This is a favourite classic about children, read chiefly by grown-ups, and many will be glad to have the book in this new graceful format.

This is all very well, but I am forgetting the really important business that sends me prowling along the bookshelves. Christmas impresses upon me the needs of numerous small boys and girls to whom I am an uncle, quite unofficially. There is Jerry, the small boy down in the mews who is always so ready to get the key of the garage when I want to go out. He has a passion for reading, so into my bag goes a glorious collection of adventure and school stories. Kiddies live in a fortunate age, the publishers turn out the most delightfully illustrated books for boys and girls, and the real difficulty is to make a selection amid so much that is tempting. So for Jerry, Jack, and Rupert I have made a list.



ON A DESPERATE VOYAGE: An illustration by Reginald Cleaver to one of the splendid tales in "Blackie's Boys' Annual" (Blackie. 5s.). On right—"THE CRADLE AT THE FOOT OF THE THRONE": A modernized illustration by Ruth Reeves to "Tal," by Paul Fenimore Cooper (Gollancz. 8s. 6d. net)

To Jerry, crazy about anything mechanical, I shall send *Seven Ages of Invention*, by Cyril Hall (Blackie. 3s. 6d.), *Cashiered*, by Bernard Bowles (Sheldon Press. 7s. 6d.), *Tales and Legends from India* (R. Tuck. 3s. 6d.), and *The Book of Adventure and Sport* (R. Tuck. 6s.), and because the book bears his name, *Jerry, a Pony Story* with Cecil Aldin drawings (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.). That should keep Jerry quiet.

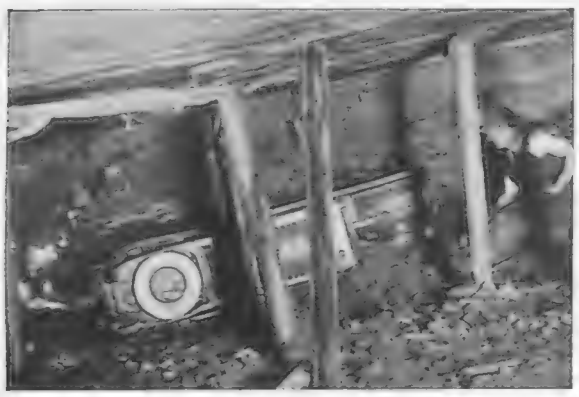
As for Jack, who has just got his cap in the fifteen, of course I shall send *Twickenham Calling*, which is all about rugger, by Captain Wakelam (Bell. 5s.), also *The Heroes of Asgard*, with Brock drawings (Macmillan. 6s.), a Viking anthology, *Tal*, by Paul Fenimore Cooper (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), *Blackie's Boys' Annual*, 5s., an old favourite, and three other Blackie books, *The Stories of Modern Explorers*, *A Mystery of the Broads*, and *Captain of Keynes*, all at 3s. 6d.

Rupert, having a passion for the sea, will receive *Captain Sang*, by P. F. Westerman, *The Mystery of the Sea*, and *Out of School*, all Blackie, 3s. 6d., and Indian adventure will be covered by *The Red Patrol* (Pearson. 3s. 6d.). A small sister must also be remembered, and since her name is Rosamund she will get *Rosamund Takes the Lead* (Blackie. 3s. 6d.), which is quite true of Rosamund, according to Rupert. As she likes fairy tales also I shall add *Old Time Fairy Tales* (Raphael Tuck. 3s. 6d.). Two small girls that visit my housekeeper and sometimes bring me roses from a little garden at Richmond, must of course be remembered, and as I am doubtful what their tastes are, I have selected an omnibus volume, *Blackie's Girls' Annual*. 6s.), and *Not an Ordinary Girl*, by May Baldwin (Chambers. 3s. 6d.).

Lastly, I am trespassing on the proper realm of Father Christmas, who should look really after the kiddies with stockings. But the installation of steam heating in so many houses is causing him considerable inconvenience in that matter of chimney entrance and he was most deplorably late last year. I am taking no risks and, to avoid tears in the house, have ordered *Father Tuck's Annual* (5s.), *Blackie's Little One's Annual* (3s. 6d.), *The Children's Play Hour* (Longman's. 6s.).

Well, all the books have arrived and with their bright jackets spread across the floor look like a crazy quilt. Two small boys, with brown paper and a ball of string have been imported. They are Scouts doing me a good turn. I feel rather selfish because they have been forbidden to read any of the books. Next week when all the packages have gone and the responsibility has been put upon the Post Office, I shall sit back and breath freely.

It's a fatiguing business, and although I growl every year when this time comes round, secretly and candidly I get as much enjoyment out of the job as does any one of the recipients.



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Under a group of fir trees, a merry little party of half-a-dozen chaffinches is busily occupied, carrying on an incessant chatter amongst themselves, as they peck away at the fallen fir cones.

They are indeed "bachelors gay," for they have, by this time, most cheerfully parted from their wives—by mutual consent, incidentally—entirely forgotten their brief married life, and joyfully resumed their irresponsible bachelor ways. They are handsome fellows, in their varied colouring of russet-red, blue, and olive green, and the trimmest of fawn leggings.

"Tap—tap—tap," is to be heard; and, clinging to the branch of an ancient Scotch fir, a small stumpy figure, in a slate-blue coat, suddenly appears on the scene. This is the nuthatch, most industrious of birds; as usual, he is hard at work, hammering away at his favourite old branch, a hoary, withered stump. But just now, apparently, he finds little satisfaction here! and after a violent bout of tapping, yielding small results, he decides on a change of programme. So he flies across to a clump of bushes nearby, and vanishes into a nut tree; where, hidden snugly under the leaves are clusters of the sweet fruit he loves. This is another of his haunts at this time of the year; and, underneath the tree, a quantity of broken nut-shells testifies as to how he employs himself here.

Presently there is a harsh clatter and rattle as a pair of magpies alight upon the fragrant carpet of pine needles.

"Pink, pink, pink," cry the chaffinches, and they are away at once in full flight, for they in common with all the other small birds have a cordial dislike of the newcomers, regarding them as marauding thieves.

However, the magpies care nothing for that. With a stately dignity they parade between the slender trunks of the young pine trees, magnificent in their flashing plumage of black and white and lustrous blue. The forest does not hold them long. With a noisy clapping of their wings they move off in their ponderous fashion to the fields where there is an immense chitter-chatter going on. And here they join the rooks and starlings and innumerable smaller feathered folk at their feast amongst the stubble.

The soft autumnal sky is barred with fleecy white clouds, and about the fields grow starry little golden flowers which the scythe has left unharmed. At the edge of the wood a row of silver birches stand, like graceful sentinels, swaying in the wind. They glitter in the bright sunlight, for autumn has turned their silver into sparkling gold. And about them play the tits, fluttering their blue wings. "Pip, pip, pi-ip," says one, and then, in reproachful tones, "O, Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Tucker!" whatever Mrs. Tucker might have done amiss.

The bird people are overflowing with energy now and have taken up the accustomed routine of their lives with great animation.

THE SHYEST OF BRITISH BIRDS: Young Kingfishers on a branch overhanging a stream

The woods are full of little parties of tits of all kinds—great tits in their smart sable and yellow suits—tiny cole tits wearing their neat close-fitting black velvet caps, clinging to the fir cones from which they are extracting minute insects; shy marsh tits in sombre attire.

And now a small company of those entrancing people, the most charming of all the tit family, the long-tailed tit, passes through the golden-leaved birch trees, their tails swaying gracefully as they fly. Nearby flows a little brook.

One party consists of father, mother, and their children of this year's brood. All through the autumn and winter months the long-tailed or bottle tits are to be seen about in little companies of ten or so travelling through the countryside, always together, and insistently repeating their little calls as they go, perching for a while here and there but never for long, they are restless small creatures.

"Zi-zi, zi, zi-zi," they remark cheerfully to one another at the water's edge, and in the sparkling shallows of the little brook they splash and play, throwing the glittering drops about as they bathe. When everyone has finished they all drift away again in twos and threes in their indolent fashion giving soft buzzing calls as they go. Meanwhile the chaffinches have joined the feasting and frivolity in the corn and wheat fields; together with a countless number of sparrows and other birds of various kinds.

Amongst them are a quantity of demure lady chaffinches in their quakerish grey and white frocks. However they steadily and of set purpose ignore their former husbands, make up a pleasant and entertaining party amongst themselves, and most pointedly look the other way if a stray husband looms in the offing.

By the hedgerow are a number of fieldfares, first cousins of our English thrushes. From some far-off country have they winged their way to our island, in order to escape the hardships of the fierce conditions of the winter time over there, knowing life would be easier in our milder climate. It might be from Norway or Sweden; it might be from Russia or even Siberia, that they have come. Here they will stay until the snows melt and the thaws break through the iron frosts, and then, in the early springtime, they will wend their way back again for the mating season. They are still very weary after their arduous flight, and are resting quietly and pecking about peacefully, under the shadow of the hawthorn hedge, where they are practically invisible, by reason of their colouring being so perfectly in harmony with the surrounding vegetation.

Presently a soft continuous twittering is heard, and a large company of linnets sweeps past. They are in their modest dress which they don during the autumn and winter months.

Down underneath a clump of tall-stemmed russet-hued bracken a dark figure is to be seen busily employed in demolishing an enormous toadstool the colour of Devonshire cream—perhaps it tastes like Devonshire cream to him; he seems to find it extremely succulent—this is a glossy-coated blackbird. And as he digs his strong beak, coloured like a marsh marigold, into the fungus he gives a soft little call and in a few moments there emerges from under some bushes close by a lady blackbird who joins him at his feast, eating her share of the Devonshire cream with an infinite relish. This is his little wife in her winter dress of rich, velvety dark brown.

The kindly season has lavished forth a generous store—truly it is a rich harvest for the feathered world!

GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

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Silver, £6 15s. 9-ct. Gold, £10 10s. 18-ct. Gold, £13 15s.
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Reproduction so perfect that you won't believe it possible till you actually hear it. The powerful radio receiver gives you any programme you want—press a switch and the gramophone will play your favourite records. Its handsome walnut cabinet not only harmonises with but even enhances any surroundings.

The price is £80. Ask your radio dealer for a demonstration, he will be only too pleased to let you hear one.

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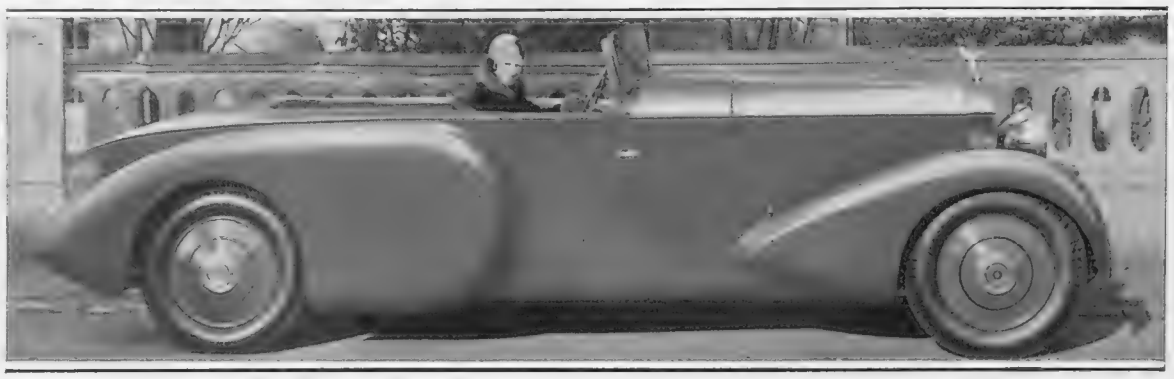
The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

HOW RECORDS ARE MADE.—With Brooklands track now in the hands of the repairers no more records of importance can be attempted until it opens for the 1931 season in the middle of March. So few people seem to realize what an attempt on a record really entails that I intend this week to devote some portion of my space to the subject. First of all the aspirant after fame obtains a form from the R.A.C., or the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, having first decided what records he will attack and on what day he will be ready. On this form he is called upon to give the following information: his name, address, his competition licence number, the engine and chassis number of his car, the number of cylinders, the bore, the stroke, and the cubic capacity of the engine, the exact records that he wishes to attack, and where and when he proposes to make the attempt. Having signed this form and sent it to the R.A.C., the latter in due course will nominate one of its official timekeepers and an official supervisor and measurer. As most speed records in this country are now taken at Brooklands, arrangements have to be made with the track authorities, otherwise the day chosen might coincide with some other event which would prohibit the attempt at records being made. All records up to 10 miles have to be timed within one-hundredth of a second by an automatic apparatus. In addition these short records are taken as the mean of runs in each direction, records for all greater distances being timed to one-fifth of a second which can be registered either by hand or by automatic means. The R.A.C. supervisor is on the spot to see that none of the rules of the International Sporting Code are broken, and when the attempt is successful he hands the car over to the Official Measurer so that the dimensions of the cylinders given in the original form may be checked. The latter precaution is necessary because records are in classes according to engine size, excepting the case of world's records, where no such dimensions apply.



THE POETRY OF STREAM-LINE: The Barker Semi-sports Torpedo cabriolet, which caused such a sensation at Olympia this year, has been sold and is now on the road. Mounted on a Rolls-Royce 40/50-h.p. Phantom II chassis, this wonderful body is painted Ulster blue with polished aluminium top deck

MANY THRILLS.—When the driver appears on the starting line he is usually accompanied by quite a small army of assistants who convey to him as he circles past whether he is likely to be successful or not. They also tell him the number of laps he has completed, whether he should go faster or slower, or whether he should come in and replenish with fuel or oil, etc. In most cases when the driver comes in all is excitement and worry; in fact an attempt at records is often just as thrilling as a race. At the end of this season there was one day when three cars and several motor-cycles were all attempting records at the same moment. The timing box was filled with timekeepers, the pits were covered with petrol cans, oil tins, spare tyres, etc., and the assistants were armed with all the usual signals that are usually seen in a big race. Actual excitement for the spectators too was not lacking for one of the cars which was lapping between 110 and 120 m.p.h. had a fit of shedding the tread of its tyres just as it passed the Fork.

As on that day attempts are not always successful, though I must say that during the present year there has been only quite a small percentage of failures. I have often been asked why it is that quite an epidemic of records snatching breaks out the week before the track is broken up for repairs. People are of the opinion that it is foolish to leave such attempts till late, for should the weather be bad, little or no time remains for a second attempt. From the driver's point of view there is no more satisfactory period than this last week of the season, for should he be successful the chances are strongly against any competitor being able to step in and snatch away the newly-gained record. True, the Montlhery track near Paris still remains available, but weather is not usually so kind in the winter as in the summer, and of course the days are so short that nothing much longer than a six-hour record can be attempted with reasonable prospects of success. So far as Brooklands itself is concerned, more attempts were made in the month of October than in all the other months put together.

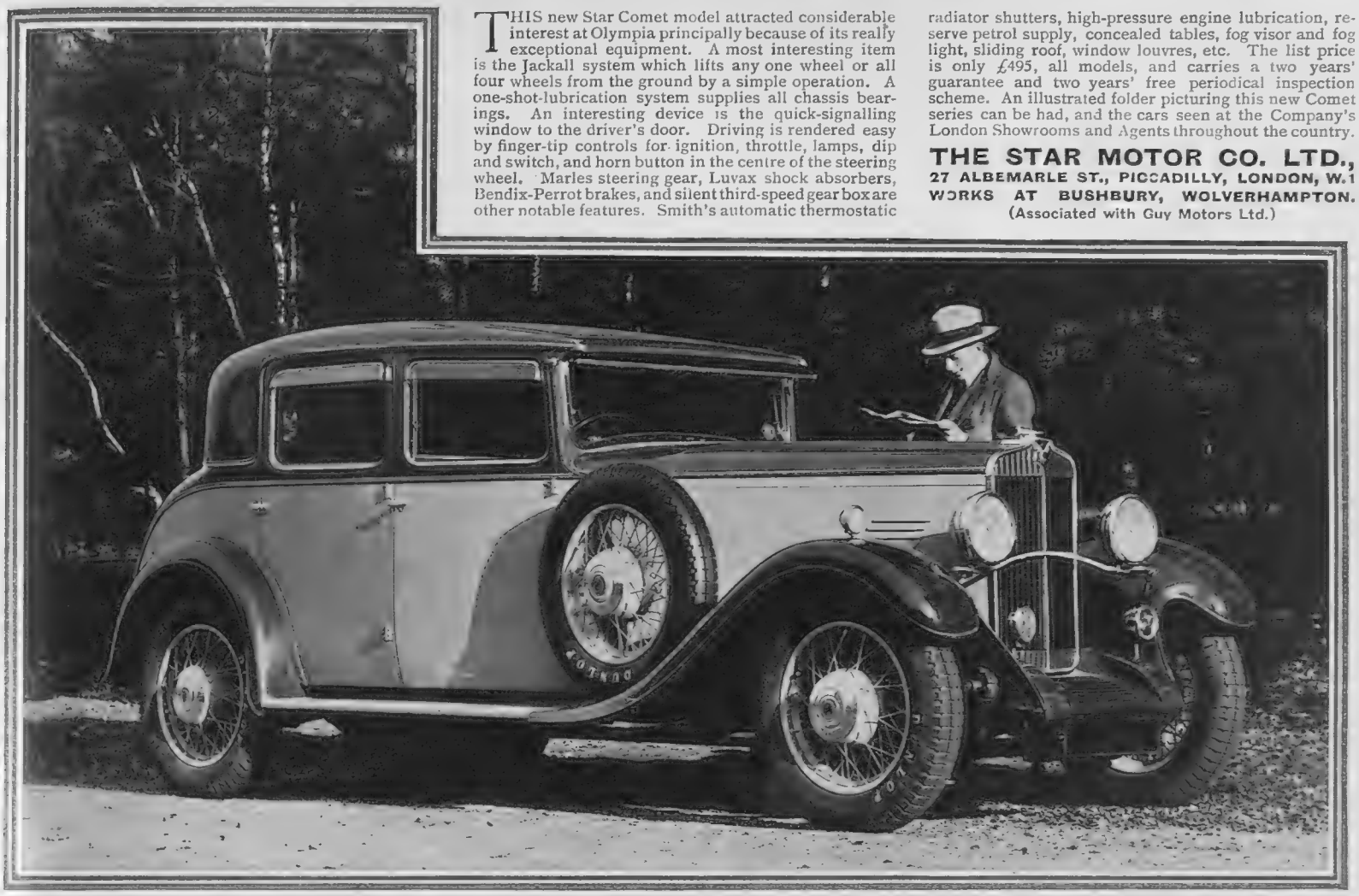
The year which is now passing has not been such a busy one as usual in the record world. It is difficult to assign any particular reason for this falling off which is not peculiar to this country.

Sometimes it is argued that as the speeds at which the records are taken go higher, so it must become more difficult to break them. There is not, however, a tremendous amount of truth in this, because cars improve every year, become more efficient, and so the chances of success, in my opinion, remain fairly constant from year to year.

(Continued on following page)

A MOST ATTRACTIVE MOTORIST'S PROPOSITION

The New Star Comet with every accessory which might be needed already on the car



THIS new Star Comet model attracted considerable interest at Olympia principally because of its really exceptional equipment. A most interesting item is the Jackall system which lifts any one wheel or all four wheels from the ground by a simple operation. A one-shot-lubrication system supplies all chassis bearings. An interesting device is the quick-signalling window to the driver's door. Driving is rendered easy by finger-tip controls for ignition, throttle, lamps, dip and switch, and horn button in the centre of the steering wheel. Marles steering gear, Luvax shock absorbers, Bendix-Perrot brakes, and silent third-speed gear box are other notable features. Smith's automatic thermostatic radiator shutters, high-pressure engine lubrication, reserve petrol supply, concealed tables, fog visor and fog light, sliding roof, window louvres, etc. The list price is only £495, all models, and carries a two years' guarantee and two years' free periodical inspection scheme. An illustrated folder picturing this new Comet series can be had, and the cars seen at the Company's London Showrooms and Agents throughout the country.

THE STAR MOTOR CO. LTD.,
27 ALBEMARLE ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
WORKS AT BUSHBURY, WOLVERHAMPTON.
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Warwick Wright Says

"YOUR ONE BIG CHANCE TO GET A REAL CAR FOR YOUR USED MODEL"

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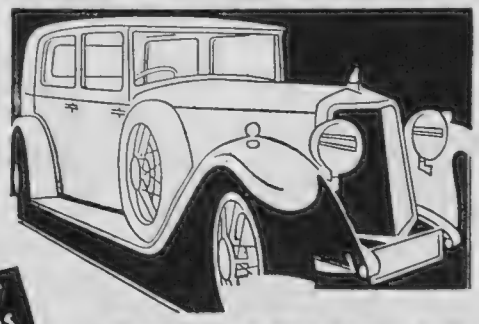

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and for the next few weeks will make exceptional allowances.

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Models from £250

What a car this Armstrong "Twelve" is! A roomy, compact, sweet-running "6" that can nip through the traffic at thirty-eight in second, and purr away all day at fifty. Marvellously sprung—it literally floats. Deep upholstered seats, and lots of leg and elbow room.
The ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY "Twelve" has real stamina and trouble-free mileage built into it, that is why it runs such incredible distances even when shamefully neglected. Sliding Roof Saloon £270.
Come and drive this dignified ultra-modern car yourself—delivery same day if required.
See also the Armstrong "Fifteen" and "Twenty."

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EDINBURGH: AT ANDERSON'S, THE ARCADE, 105 PRINCES STREET.

The PETROL WORLD

(Continued from preceding page)

by A. PERCY BRADLEY

BRITISH CARS ON THE CONTINENT.—The twenty-fourth Salon d'Automobile will take place in the Palais du Cinquantenaire, Brussels, from November 29 to December 10, and on Stand A 20 right in the middle of the hall, will be found an interesting display of Humber and Hillman cars which are being exhibited by the world exporters, Messrs. Rootes, Ltd. The models on view will be a Humber Snipe coach-built saloon as well as a Snipe Dro-head coupé, while Hillmans will be represented by one of the new Vortic eight-cylinder coachbuilt saloons. It is anticipated that quite a large number of English visitors resident on the Continent will visit the Brussels Show, and undoubtedly there is considerably more interest now being taken in British cars on the part of motor traders on the Continent. As is their usual custom, Messrs. Rootes are entering into the Exhibition on an extensive scale, and there will be demonstration cars and an adequate staff of multi-lingual salesmen. All Humber and Hillman cars can be supplied in the regular way with left- or right-hand steering, and many of the cars exported are equipped with the former.

NAPIER ENGINES FOR THE WORLD.—Notwithstanding very serious competition from other engine firms in all parts of the world, the Greek Government have just placed an order with the Napier Company for a number of British-built Napier Lion engines. These engines are to be installed in Fairey 111 F aircraft which have been so successful on service with the British Royal Air Force. The Imperial Japanese Government have also placed a further order for Napier Lion engines which will be fitted to aircraft built in Japan. The deciding factor in the choice of the Napier was the fact that it is a proved engine—an engine past its experimental stage and which on actual service has proved its great efficiency, economy, and above all, reliability. It is particularly gratifying to find the Napier engine upholding British prestige abroad and that, despite the keenness of other countries, preference is given to British-built engines.

ROOTES FOLLOW RHODES!—There is every indication that the motor trade in all parts of the world is not only interested in British cars but is seeking to represent them. Manufacturers such as the new Humber–Hillman combine who have put in a vast amount of research work and development work in making cars suitable for the world trade and rendering them competitive on a performance and specification basis are now giving their utmost attention to the development of world merchandizing and service. In this regard Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., will have finalized by December of this year a well-conceived and organized policy which will provide the immediate institution of better world service for the products with which they are associated. In due course full details will be disclosed, and will make interesting reading.

A SNIPE IN SPAIN: A Humber Snipe saloon among the date palms near Tarragona. Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., are making elaborate arrangements for the servicing of these cars abroad

CHARMING SHOW-ROOM DECOR: A novel form of motor show-room decoration is used by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., of 150, New Bond Street. It consists of a lemon tree in full blossom

TRIUMPH DOWN UNDER.—That British small cars can hold their own against all comers and under any conditions was proved conclusively by the results of the recent annual 24-hour mid-winter reliability trial conducted by the R.A.C. of Australia.

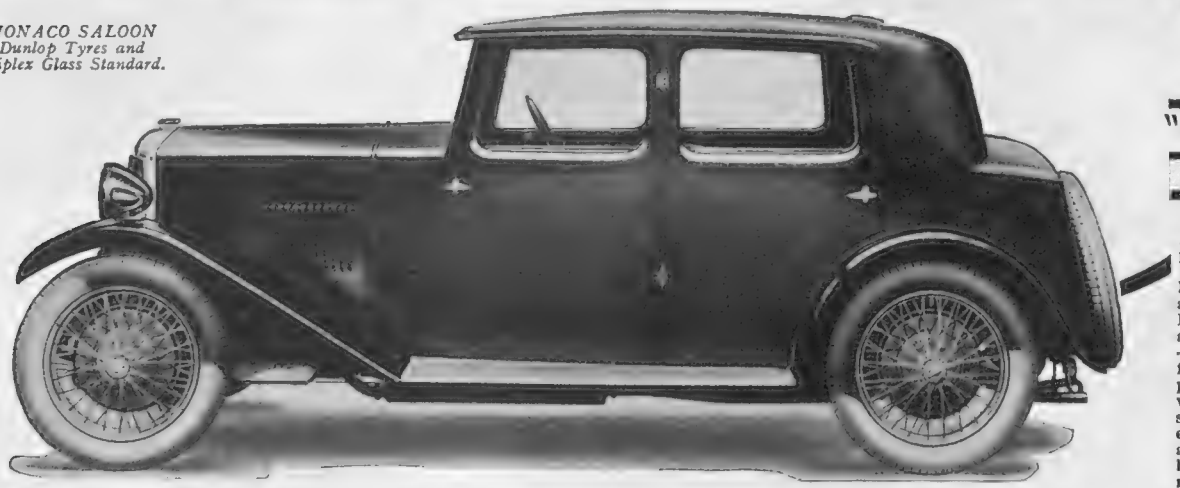
This event is recognized as one of the stiffest tests in New South Wales, and hitherto the competing cars have always been grouped into five classes, according to cubic capacity, a definite speed average being fixed for each class. This year, however, no concessions were allowed; all cars competed on equal terms, and the achievement of the two stock-model Singer Juniors in finishing dead on time and in perfect condition is all the more to their credit in that the honour was won from cars of five or six times their capacity. Fog, intense cold, rain, and greasy roads were some of the hazards encountered.

The most gruelling section of the run seems to have been a stretch of thirty-nine miles from Nowra to Robertson, which included the height of Camberwarra and Barringay Mountains, the set speed average being 23 m.p.h. Fog again cropped up to complicate matters, followed by heavy rain, but in spite of all difficulties Robertson was reached with three quarters of a minute to spare.

The record of the run makes exciting reading. At one point the drivers are 5 min. ahead of time; again they are 3 min. behind. It is worth noting that when a few moments were taken from the breakfast interval to check over the cars, this was found unnecessary, both being in perfect condition.

the NEW Riley "9"

MONACO SALOON
Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass Standard.



"PLUS" FEATURES

Wider, more durable and lighter Coachwork — improved Radiator with stainless steel shell — larger petrol tank carried at rear — improved Tool Locker under bonnet and accessible from either side — grouped lubrication — finger-tip control — improved instrument board with concealed lighting — spring steering wheel — easier jacking — instantly accessible accumulators beneath hinged rear seat — more comfortable front seats with adjustment on "Leveroll" principle — better and more comfortable suspension.

You have all been proud of the Riley as you know it — your friends have envied your possession — you will be prouder still of the NEW Riley and your friends will envy you still more.

But apart from this pride of possession — and this to-day is a point of vital importance — *to own a Riley will be an absolute assurance of the utmost economy in running and upkeep costs and minimum depreciation.*

Its price is £298, and its performance, unequalled in its class, you can test at any time —

Let us arrange a demonstration.

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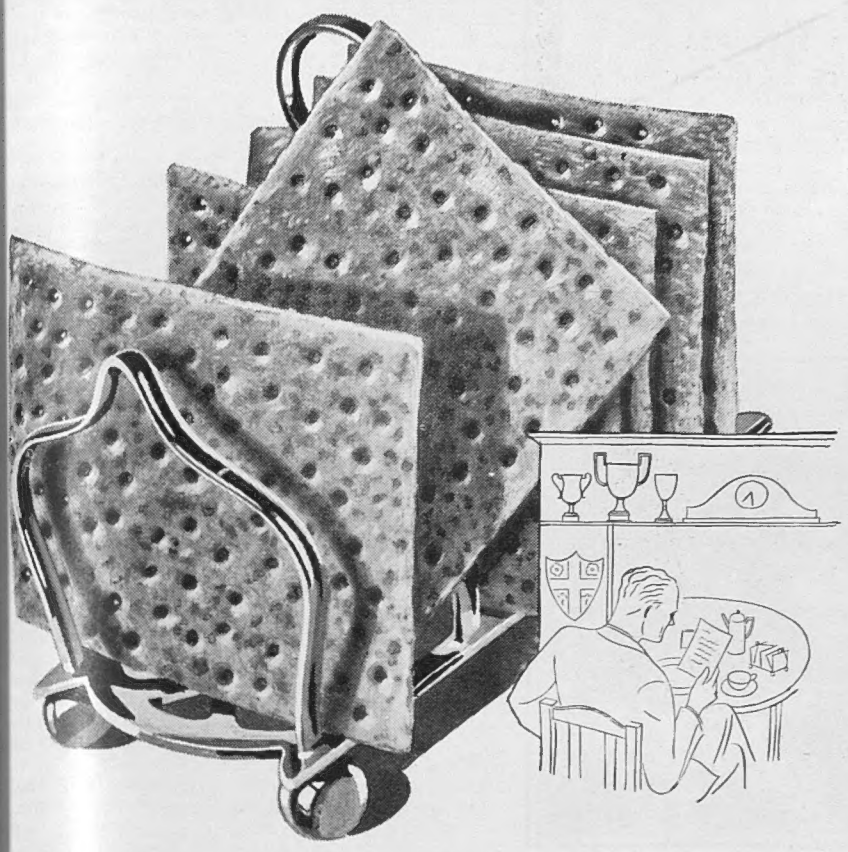
AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

Letters from Mary Goodbody

Such stuff as 'Blues' are made on



My dear Ronnie,

I hear from Peter you're in the running for your Blue. I'm so glad! We haven't had a Blue in the family since your Great-uncle James played chess for Oxford. And to think that only a year ago one set at tennis used to tire you out! But I always did say it was largely a matter of your food, and Dr. Carter agreed. It was he who put you on to that scrunchy Vita-Weat instead of ordinary bread. Well, I know what Vita-Weat has done for me and my indigestion, and I'm delighted to know it has worked such wonders with you.

I imagine you won't ever again go stodging yourself on masses of undercooked starch. Dr. Carter says Vita-Weat contains—but there, I expect you learn all about vitamins and such-like things at Cambridge . . .

Vita-Weat REGD.

THE BREAD OF NEW HEALTH

Cartons at 1/6 and 10d.
Packets at 6d. and 2d.

MADE BY PEEK FREAN — Makers of Famous Biscuits

UNWANTED HAIR REMOVED

by Entirely NEW Method

Permanence Guaranteed

Call or Write for the HAMOMAR BOOK

The **Hamomar Book** tells you clearly the secret of the **Hamomar Method** and shows you how you can be free for ever from the embarrassment of unwanted hair. It also gives details of the *three famous beauty preparations* which are the outcome of our years of experience of the skin.

Many women have harmed their skin by using unsafe methods of removing the hair; the **Hamomar Beauty Preparations** are made to repair this damage. Call or send a postcard to-day for this remarkable book. It is full of vital information to you. It costs you nothing and places you under no obligation. Don't delay, act before you mislay our address.

The **Hamomar Method** is safe, painless and permanent—it will free you for ever from unwanted hair and leave your skin soft, clear and unblemished. Women who have thrown away small fortunes on liquids, painful electric needles and dangerous caustic creams have been freed for ever by the **Hamomar Method.** The **Hamomar Method** makes use of an entirely new principle which not only removes the hair with its roots, but makes it impossible to secrete hair cells. Once the **Hamomar Method** has been used the hair never returns.

We guarantee success and permanence.

Among thousands of cases in England, Europe and America we have never had a single failure. So safe and efficient is the **Hamomar Method** that we give every client ***a written guarantee*** that the hair will be removed painlessly, safely and permanently or our fees will be returned in full.

Miss Mary Mullen's Experience.

Writing about the **Hamomar Method,** Miss Mullen, one of England's most charming screen stars, says: *"The **Hamomar Method** was a complete revelation to me, for it not only cleared my skin from unwanted hair, but the hair has never returned, also my skin has considerably improved with the treatment."* Why not call to-day and let us demonstrate the **Hamomar Method** to you? You will not be pressed to take the treatment.

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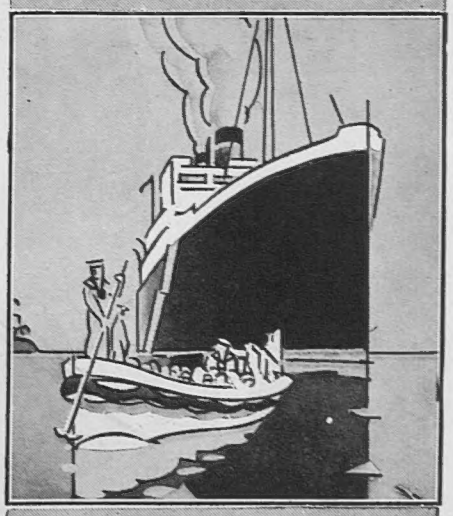
WITH PERFECT COMFORT AND CUISINE

Calling at Las Palmas, Porto Rico, Barbados, Trinidad, Panama Canal, Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba, Nassau, Bermuda and Madeira.



Accommodation still available for Christmas Cruise to the Mediterranean commencing Dec. 19th.

JAN. 24th, 1931

Sailing from Southampton, this beautiful ship will spend 46 days on the most delightful and interesting cruise in the world. For full details and illustrated cruising brochures apply

BLUE STAR LINE

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NOTES and NEWS

THE PRESENT WITH A FUTURE

The famous firm of Charles Letts produces for 1931 a notable selection of diaries. There is in fact an almost embarrassing choice, for they cater for every personal eccentricity, for every hobby, for every calling, and indeed for everyone. Charles Letts's diaries are fully strong enough for a year's use, and the bindings show an infinite variety to fit (and suit) every pocket. They are eminently "presentable," and as Christmas Day is so helpfully placed a few days before the New Year, diaries as Christmas gifts are specially welcome. Among pocket diaries in every size and colour there are those especially designed for the schoolboy and schoolgirl, scout and guide, *motorist and motor-cyclist*, *golfer*, and many others, so that the least imaginative of people will find in them "a present" with a future. All contain the usual £2,000 accident insurance coupon, and nearly all have a new patent practical bookmarker which can also be used as a season-ticket holder or pocket for stamps, visiting cards, etc.

RAG DOLLS GALORE

The sack of Santa Claus would be much less intriguing for children were it not for the ingenious contriving of Dean's Rag Book Co., Ltd., who seem to discover each year an endless variety of new and delightful fancies in dolls and toys. This year, of course, Mickey Mouse heads the list, a Mickey Mouse so true to life that he seems to have walked straight off the screen. Paterfamilias and the Bachelor Uncle will find the task of selecting toys an unusually easy one this year, for there is a Mickey Mouse to fit every length of stocking and of purse. And if it were possible, the female of the species is merrier than the male, for Minnie Mouse, his inseparable companion in perversity, is also among Dean's latest batch of toys. They appear on tricycles, on roller skates, as a pair of dancers, as animated toys on the lines of a ventriloquist's dummy, as "glove-toys," and in the form of a tiny mascot which dances on a gramophone record in time with the latest tunes from Tin-pan Alley. "Who is 'Sylvie'? What is she?" Sylvie is another of Dean's new dolls, the very embodiment of the Christmas spirit in her bright velvet frock and hat, and, wonder of wonders! velvet Wellington boots to match, all garnished alike with bands of rich, white silk plush. Dogs, as usual, since they are the most popular of toy animals, bulk large amongst the four-legged figures of fun in this jovial company. One of them, the adopted mascot of The Tail-Waggers, does really wave his little rudder in a lifelike and engaging fashion; another, the Li-va Mutt, both barks and bites with very little persuasion from a hidden hand. Wuff is a Sealyham of unimpeachable antecedents; but who shall assign a breed to Podge or Dumpy? These are mere mongrels, but mongrels of a super-breed. It is advisable that baby's first book should be a Dean's Rag Book, because that is the only kind of book that a baby understands, or gets on with. He can mumble and masticate a Rag Book to his heart's content without serious harm to the book or any at all to the baby.

WINTER SPORTS FIXTURES

To those who are heading for the Alpine slopes, a little brochure published by the Swiss National Tourist Office, Zurich and Lausanne, is well-nigh indispensable. From Aarau and Adelboden to Zurich and Zweisimmen all the great events of the season are catalogued. One can select one's resort by means of this guide, or, if one intends to go to a variety of places, one can plan the best possible itinerary with its aid.

IMPROVING THE GAME OF EXPERT AND NOVICE: North British golf balls are packed in attractive boxes of different sizes—24s. for 12; 12s. for 6; 8s. for 4; and 4s. for 2—at the festive season when they are very popular not only with players but also with donors

NOTABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

At the Cooling Galleries this week a distinguished collection of pictures executed by that most modernist of photographers, Mr. Cecil Beaton, was inaugurated. The subjects range through the ranks of art and society. The Sitwells, Lady Cunard, Buster Keaton, Serge Lifar, Lady Lavery, Lady Wimborne, Corinne Griffith, Lillian Gish, Lady Milbanke, Beatrice Lillie, Marion Davies, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, Lady Oxford and Asquith, and Miss Nellie Wallace are a few of the varied people represented with all the photographer's usual well-known brilliance. Not only are there photographs, but Mr. Beaton has done a few sketches, including one of the late Queen Mother, the Marquise de Casa Maury, Lady Erroll, Miss Adele Astaire, Miss Lily Elsie. The artist's sisters—Miss Nancy and Miss Baba Beaton—figure in examples of both camera and portrait art.

A DISTURBING BOOK

Mr. E. A. Mowrer, author of the *American World*, has just published through Messrs. Kegan Paul a little volume entitled *Sinon, or the People of Politics*. Sinon, it will be remembered, allowed himself to be taken prisoner by the Trojans and then persuaded them to admit into their city a wooden horse filled with armed men. Commenting on latter-day politicians he uses the Trojan simile thus:—

> "Each group of ambitious aspirants to power builds a wooden horse around itself and by bribery, eloquence, flattery, or fraud persuades a sufficient number of followers to carry the thing within some coveted Troy which it then proceeds to conquer and despoil. Some of the new rulers take the plunder, some are satisfied with power and abstract privilege alone, and the rest—the idealists, who write the programmes and win the honest votes—are left wondering how it all happened."

He comes to the shattering conclusion—shattering to the collectivist—that "better individuals are the only steps to better politics."

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One thousand one hundred children in the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are now getting excited about Christmas. The committee are anxious to be in a position to give them some extra treats, but lack of funds at present makes this impossible. We readers of THE SPHERE very kindly send special gifts in kind or money for the children this Christmas, addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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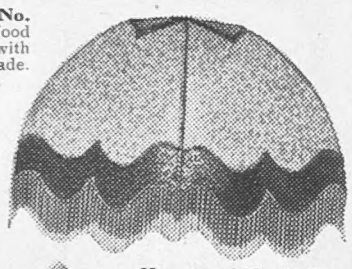

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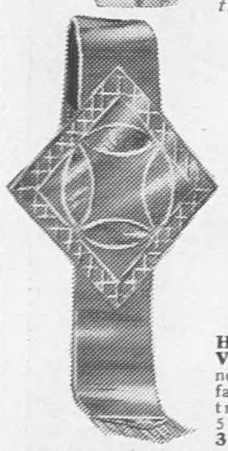

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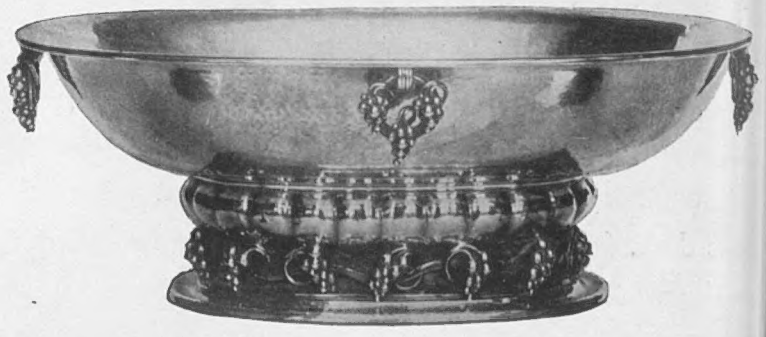

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